Eachtra Sgiolla an Amarain;

OR

The Adventures

of a

Luckless Fellow

And Other Poems.

BY

DONNCHADH RUADH MACCONMARA:

EDITED BY

TOMÁS Ó FLANNGHAILE,

Author of "For the Tongue of the Gael";
Editor of "*Tír na n-Óg*";
Late Examiner in Celtic to the Intermediate Education Board;
etc., etc.

WITH LIFE OF THE POET

BY

THE LATE JOHN FLEMING.

Dublin:
SEALY, BRYERS AND WALKER,
MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.

ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

RESID.SOC.JES.
IHS
GALVIÆ.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/eatraiollamarain00macc

Modern Irish Grammar. By J. P. Craig, Professor of Irish in St. Eunan's Seminary, Letterkenny. Crown 8vo. Cloth. **2/-**

"A work to which many an eager student will turn with expectancy and profit. Mr. Craig's book is intended chiefly for Intermediate competitors, but it is certain not to be limited to that class alone. . . A meritorious work of great scope and vastness of detail."—*Derry Journal.*

Irish Phrase Book—Illustrating the various meanings and uses of verbs and prepositions combined. By Rev. Edmund Hogan, S.J., M.R.I.A. Celtic Examiner R.U.I., and Todd Professor of the Celtic Languages R.I.A. 8vo. **1/6**

"We welcome this valuable book with a *cead mille failte,* and in the interest of Irish students of the primary and Intermediate schools as well as of the University we wish it a wide circulation."—*Irish Times.*

The Irish People—their Height, Form, and Strength. By Rev. Edmund Hogan, S.J. Cap 8vo. Frontispiece. Full cloth. **2/6**

"This volume, which is dedicated to the members of the Gaelic League at home and abroad, is an enthusiastic appreciation of the physical qualities of the Irish celt."—*Perthshire Constitutional.*

SEALY, BRYERS AND WALKER,
Middle Abbey Street, Dublin.

2643. 6.'01.

A Handbook of Irish Idioms. By Rev. Edmund Hogan, S.J. Crown 8vo., 1s. 6d.

Modern Irish Texts—1. Clann Lir. By J. P. Craig, 9d.

Songs and Poems. By T. D. Sullivan. Cap 8vo. Cloth, 1s. Stiff cover, with Portrait, 6d.

The Farmer's Boy. By Robert Bloomfield. Edited, with Notes, by Rev. J. Darlington, S.J., M.A., F.R.U.I. Crown 8vo. cloth, 1s.

French Grammar and Composition. Eleventh Edition. By Very Rev. J. A. Moran, S.M., B.A. 8vo., cloth, 1s.

Key to the English-French Exercises and Examination Papers in Moran's French Grammar. For Teachers only. 1s.

Aids to French Prose. By Very Rev. J. A. Moran, S.M. Cloth, boards, 2s.

A Guide to the Irish Education Act, 1892. By William Bright, LL.D. Second Edition, 3s. 6d.

"An exceedingly valuable book."—*Northern Whig.*

"Useful to all engaged in the great subject of primary education."—*Irish Times.*

Agricultural and Technical Instruction Act. By R. J. Kelly, B.L. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

"Mr. Kelly's book is the only one dealing with the provisions of the Act."—*Daily Independent.*

"A work that should be highly treasured."—*Farming World.*

SEALY, BRYERS AND WALKER,

Middle Abbey Street, Dublin.

eactra ʒiolla an amaráin;

OR,

The Adventures of a Luckless Fellow

AND OTHER POEMS,

BY

DONNCHADH RUADH MACCONMARA:

EDITED BY

TOMÁS Ó FLANNGHAILE,

Author of "For the Tongue of the Gael";
Editor of "*Tír na n-Óg*";
Late Examiner in Celtic to the Intermediate Education Board;
etc., etc.

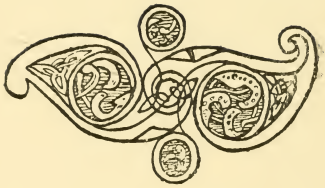
WITH LIFE OF THE POET

BY

THE LATE JOHN FLEMING.

BOSTON COLLEGE LIBRARY
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

Dublin:
SEALY, BRYERS AND WALKER,
MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.

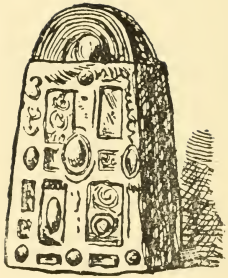


PB1398.
C6F5
Cop. 2

158869

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Introduction	vii
Beatha Dhonnchadha Ruaidh (Life of Red Donough)	1
Translation of same	1
Eachtra Ghiolla an Amaráin (Adventures of a Luckless Fellow)	36
Metrical Version of same	37
Literal Translation	36
Bánchnoic Éireann Óigh' (Fair Hills of Holy Ireland)	74
Mangan's Translation of same	75
Older Version	81
Ferguson's Translation of Older Version	83
Eachtra Shéamuis Ghrae (James Gray's Adventures)	85
An t-Athair Seagan ó Cathasaigh (Father John Casey)	93
Litir chum Sagairt (Letter to a Priest)	94
Donnchadh Ruadh i d-Talamh-an-Éirc (Red Donough in Newfoundland)	95
Aodh ó Ceallaigh (Hugh O'Kelly)	97
Bar Donnchadha Ruaidh (Red Donough's Pass)	99
Translation of same	100
Athchuinge Dhonnchadha Ruaidh (Red Donough's Petition)	105
Gearán Donnchadha Ruaidh (Red Donough's Complaint)	107
THADDÆI GADELICI IN MEMORIAM	109
Irish Translation of same by T. ó Flannghaile	109
English Translation of same by Dr. Sigerson	111



INTRODUCTION.

Red Donough Macnamara, the author of the following Irish poems, was poet enough to interest two of our best English-writing poets of this century—James Clarence Mangan and Dr. George Sigerson—whilst the language in which they were written is classical enough to have merited the attention and commendation of two of our best Irish scholars, Dr. Standish Hayes O'Grady and the late Mr. John Fleming. Mangan's translation of Macnamara's *Bánchnoic Éireann óigh*—'The Fair Hills of Holy Ireland'—is deservedly well known to Irish readers of to-day, but it would be no harm if they were familiar also with the still more beautiful original. Dr. Sigerson's charming translation of Macnamara's admirable Latin epitaph on Theigue Gaeleach O'Sullivan I am happy to be able to reproduce here with the translator's latest revision.

Most of the poems have been issued before in one form or another. The first collected edition appeared in 1853 under the name of 'S. Hayes,' *i.e.*, Dr. [then Mr.] S. Hayes O'Grady. It was published by the late John O'Daly (who gave us the two fine volumes of *Songs of the Munster Bards*, first and second series), and contained metrical versions of most of the poems. That edition, however, is long out of print and is now very rare. Some of the poems were republished in the *Irishman* in the years 1881-82 when Mr. David Comyn edited the "Gaelic Department" of that paper. A more complete and more accurate edition of Donnchadh

Ruadh's works appeared in the Second Volume of the *Gaelic Journal* (July-Dec., 1884) from the hands of the late Mr. Fleming, when he was editor of that periodical. But Red Donough's poems seemed to me worthy of a more accessible and more durable setting than the fugitive and easily-forgotten pages of a weekly or monthly journal. I knew, too, that the *Eachtra Ghiolla an Amaráin*—Donough's longest poem—had often been set as a text for Intermediate and University students who, however, had a difficulty in getting trustworthy copies of the poem. Hence the present edition.

To the poems I have prefixed Mr. Fleming's interesting Irish *Life of Donnchadh Ruadh*, written originally for the *Irishman* in 1881 and 1882. No man of the present century knew half so much about Macnamara—his life, his works, his wanderings—as John Fleming; he was acquainted not only with some of Donough's pupils, but also with one of his grandsons, and had many of his facts from living witnesses. Most of the particulars of the poet's life previously published (by Walsh, O'Daly, &c.) were obtained from Mr. Fleming—the errors and inaccuracies were *not* his. The reader will be glad to have this complete life of the poet from the hands of the man best able to write it; and I hope it will be none the less welcome that the life of an Irish poet is here given in Irish, the language best known both to the poet and his biographer; rare as it is, it should not seem inappropriate. John Fleming's excellent Irish prose is worthy of being made a classic in itself. Yet, as this little book is intended chiefly for students of our language, I have added an English translation.

Donnchadh Ruadh wrote in Irish because it was the language he knew best, and because in the eighteenth century in which he lived Irish was still the language best and most widely understood in Munster. From many circumstances mentioned in his life, and in his own poems, we learn too that Irish was still understood and spoken by the gentry of the period, even by many of the Anglo-Irish stock, as the Powers, the Walshes, Duckets and others, so different from the unmitigated snobbishness of a generation or two later. Yet it is clear that he had some knowledge of English, and as probably at that time some at least of the courses at the Irish College at Rome were given in English, he no doubt had some acquaintance with English literature, but he never felt himself at home in that language, and his few English compositions are much inferior either to his Irish or his Latin verses.

The *Eachtra Ghiolla an Amaráin*—the first poem given in the following pages—is Macnamara's longest and perhaps most ambitious composition. It is a narrative poem describing adventures—many of them doubtless fictitious—which he tells us he experienced in a voyage to America. The general character of the poem is light and humorous, with occasional touches of the pathetic, the satirical, the patriotic, and sometimes also the heroic. The Second Part—that in which he describes his visit to the unseen world—is by far the better executed, and contains several well-sustained and powerful passages. It is this Second Part which has caused the poem to be spoken of sometimes as a 'Mock Æneid,' for it contains some imitations of Vergil and some reminiscences of the Cumæan

Sibyl, though why it should be called a 'Mock' anything is not very clear.

The typical verse in the *Eachtra* is a line of nine syllables—four accented measures or 'feet' with an extra unaccented syllable; the accent coming regularly on the even syllables (second, fourth, sixth, eighth) This would be called *Iambic* in English poetry, though of course it is not the Latin or Greek Iambic. Each line therefore ends in an accented syllable followed by an unaccented one. The following offers a good example:—

"Do chuir | ri Liam | ar chlar | las m'eud | ain"—

The accented penultimate syllable moreover—as seen in the above example—always has a long vowel or diphthong, and in this poem this long vowel sound is é or some variety of it, as éa, eu, éi, ao, ae. These two syllables may form one word as Éire, Gréine, péile, or may be two separate words as mé chur, Gaoth ar; or occasionally the last two syllables of a trisyllabled word; as in ó Cinn | éide. These two words Éire, Gréine form a typical assonance or rhyme. Our native rhyme —in Irish comhardadh—demands similarity of vowel sound, but variety of consonants. English rhyme is satisfied with identity of vowel sound and identity of consonants, hence English rhyming is monotonous to the Irish ear. Now this rhyming of é *plus* an unaccented syllable is continued in the *Eachtra* not for two or four or any limited number of lines but *throughout its whole length*—some 360 lines odd. And this recurrence of the one vowel sound would be monotonous even in Irish if it were mere 'rhyme,' that is, English rhyme; but the apparent monotony is relieved, or

rather all monotony is prevented by two circumstances (1) the variety of the consonants and (2) the variety of the other vowel sounds in each line.

Again, English poetry is satisfied with *final* rhymes, but in the Eaċtra and many other Irish poems, we have *final*, *initial* and *medial* rhyming. In the following couplet—

"Do ċuir rí láṁ ar ċlár lag m'eudain
Ar rug rí 'n-áirde ar m'árar féin mé."—
ll. 163, 164.

in each line there are three different accented vowel sounds ŭ, á, é—the second (in this case a) is generally repeated, so that in these lines the four accented vowel sounds are ŭ, á, á, é. But whilst there is a final assonance of eudain with féin mé there is also an assonance of each foot in the first line with the corresponding foot in the second—do ċuir with ar rug, rí láṁ with rí n-áirde', ar ċlár with ar m'árar', lag m'eud' with ar féin. So again with a different series of vowels in—

"Do bainfidh an doṁain den ċóir 'na éiric
'S do leanfaidh go deo de ṗóir Mhiléir."
ll. 285, 286.

And thus with any couplet in the poem. Occasionally this profusion of assonance is found to run even through a whole quatrain, as in the four opening lines :—

"Do r|a fh|ainn rc eo l|oom' ċo ṁar|a ar ao n|uad,
imbi|a t|aiḃ beo il|oob' eo l|o ċeu|aiḃ,
ar bhi|a n|oir ói ṁ|e ar ṙi|ói g|na f|éi|ne
ar ċi|a fh|ṁic ló b|uir ṁ ói fh|ar ṁ|aogh|nuir!"
ll. 1-4.

This metre is used by Mac Gioll-eiside, Eogan Ruad ó Súilliubáin, Seagan ó Tuama and many others of our poets of the last two or three centuries.

especially in their narrative poems. The "iambics" sometimes interchange with trochees, and less frequently glide into amphibrachs, as shall be pointed out later.

There is nothing like this in English poetry. We may be told it would not suit the genius of the English language—but this is not a satisfactory explanation, for every kind of foreign metre has been naturalised in English, and in modern English poetry all the metres are foreign, imported—none of the ancient Anglo-Saxon metres being used now in their original form. It is certain, too, that the metre of the *Eachtra* is a development, apparently not older than the sixteenth century, though no doubt sprung from simpler native measures. Why it has not been used in English is probably due partly to ignorance of it, partly—so far as it is known—to its difficulty. Yet in the hands of such poets as Macnamara and Red Owen O'Sullivan it seems to have been marvellously easy and natural; and though the *manner* is sometimes better than the *matter*, the art better than the substance, the wonder is that with such an apparently difficult metre, so long and, on the whole, so successful a poem as the Eachtra Giolla an Amaráin could have been written.

Even Irish poets translating from Irish into English have generally neglected everything but the final rhyme. Mangan seems to have been one of the first to catch the effect of the Irish *internal* rhymes, as we see it in his fine translation of Caitilín ní Uallacháin—

> "In vain, in *vain*, we turn to *Spain*—she heeds us not,
> Yet may we *still* by strength of *will* amend our lot;
> O yes, our *foe* shall yet lie *low*, our swords are drawn
> For her our *Queen*, our Caitil*ín* ni Uallacháin!"

Here each line taken singly well represents the metre and style of the original, but in the Irish each couplet rhymes or assonates, not only in the final words, but in every single measure or foot, and this charm is sacrificed in such translation as the above. In our own day Dr. Douglas Hyde and Mr. Frank Fahy have skilfully and happily imitated these Irish internal rhymes—with the same limitations as in the above lines of Mangan—in their English verses, original and translated.

Michael Hogan, in his *Lays and Legends of Thomond*, has now and again attempted *initial* rhymes as well as final, and he, I think, is the only poet who has done this in English. For instance, in his "Bride of Clan Cuilen"—a legend of the Macnamaras, by the bye—we find such lines as—

> "*Lightly* the bride from the altar's *returning*,
> *Brightly* the bonfires before her are *burning*,
> *Sweetly* the tones of the bagpipes are *ringing*,
> *Fleetly* the young virgin dancers are *springing*.
> *Proudly* the chiefs round the bridal feast *gather*,
> *Loudly* resound the old halls of her *father*—"

And so on for half-a-dozen other couplets, the *initial* words rhyming as well as the finals. Now, this is getting *near* the Irish metre here spoken of, but does not quite hit it. Indeed, the only English lines I know where the rhyming is carried out to the full in the Irish style are Macnamara's own couplet, which, in the account of the sea-fight, he puts into the mouth of the English-speaking captain—

> "*Gunner*, give *fire*, we'll *fight* the *negroes*,
> We'll *conquer* or *die*, my *Irish heroes*!"—
>
> ll. 309, 310.

Only it will be seen that he uses Irish comhardha rather than English rhyme—though 'gunner' and 'conquer' do not make a good assonance.

In my versified translation of the *Eachtra* the reader will find that I have reproduced the metre of the original, so far as syllables, accents, and final rhymes go, and in this respect, if in no other, it differs from Mr. O'Grady's metrical version. I have not attempted either internal rhymes or such a *tour de force* as the initial and medial parallel assonances of the original, seeing that such a master of versification as Mangan found them—at least the latter—hopeless in English. If some find my prose translation not always word for word, I must tell them, once for all, my idea of translation—first, I believe that good Irish should be rendered by good English, so far as an Irishman can achieve that result; and secondly, I believe that something should be left to the student—and to the teacher. As it is, I have ventured sometimes for the student's sake to be more literal than I care for, or than good English strictly allows. My excuse here is that poetry is generally harder than prose—in the *Life of Donnchadh Ruadh* I have translated with more freedom.

As to Red Donough's life and work on the whole—to judge them fairly one must remember the times he lived in, the state of the country, his lack of opportunities, his temptations, and other circumstances. Mr. Fleming does not spare him, yet I think readers generally will agree with me that he is rather a severe critic both of Macnamara's life and of his poetry. Though an excellent Irish scholar, we are not bound to admit that Mr. Fleming was a good critic of poetry. And of

poor Donough's life—as of that of many another child of genius—we may say, that if he has given us anything that is good or beautiful, we may take that as some atonement for his waywardness or his faults—not admiring his life, but rather pitying it. So, too, if Donough is not always uniformly good in his poetry, this can be said of many very great poets, and we love or admire their good work, not because of, but in spite of what is inferior or unworthy. Though printed Irish books were extremely rare in the last century, it is quite certain that Macnamara was one of the very best Irish scholars then living. O'Reilly wrote a large and valuable quarto Irish dictionary, yet in Mr. Fleming's opinion, Donnchadh Ruadh knew the Irish language far better than O'Reilly, and I entirely agree with that opinion.

I have diligently compared all the printed editions of Macnamara's poems, but follow chiefly the texts given by Mr. Fleming in the second volume of the *Gaelic Journal* above alluded to. He had the poems from a MS. collection, written in 1786 by one Laurence Foran, a school-master of the Co. Waterford, who had been a pupil of Donnchadh Ruadh's, and this Mr. Fleming considered the most trustworthy source. I have not heard that any autograph MSS. exist, if there are any such I shall be very glad to hear of them.

I must say here that it was my original intention to publish Notes to the *Eachtra*, and a complete Vocabulary to the Life and Poems, but as they could not be finished in time, I must leave them for a second edition.

And now there only remains the pleasant duty of

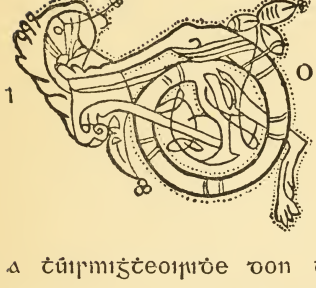
thanking the various friends and co-operators who have kindly helped me in putting together this edition of the Life and Poems of Donnchadh Ruadh MacConmara. And in the first place I must thank Mrs. Raher, of Ardmore National School, Carna, Co. Galway, eldest daughter of the lamented Mr. John Fleming, who gave me the fullest permission to use for this work any of her father's writings. I have to thank also Father Michael Hickey, the distinguished Professor of Irish at Maynooth, for much friendly help and information. My acknowledgments are due also to Dr. George Sigerson, translator of the Second Series of *O'Daly's Munster Poets*, and editor of the *New Ireland Review*, who, amidst his various pressing duties, has found time to revise for this work his beautiful translation of Macnamara's Epitaph on Tadhg Gaedhealach. To my friend Mr. David Comyn, I am indebted for many friendly hints and communications. And finally, I have to thank Mr. Patrick Stanton of Cork, and Mr. Thomas Devine of Youghal, for much valuable information about Donnchadh Ruadh and localities in Co. Waterford, which I hope to make use of in a subsequent edition.

T. Ó Flannghaile.

Beatha Donnchadha Ruaidh mhic Con-mara.

Le Seagan Fléimion.

NATIONAL UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND GALWAY



1 O rugadh Donnchadh Ruadh 'san g-Cratlaigh i g-contae an Chláir i b-fior-thorach na h-aoire d'imthigh thainn. Do chinn a thúirmisgeoiridhe don t-sagartacht é, agus uime sin fuair sé an oiread foghlama agus dob' féidir leis d'fágail in Éirinn an tan sin, agus 'na diaidh sin do cuireadh don Róimh é chum críoch do chur ar a foghlaim agus chum Ordo Beannuighte d'fágail. Acht in áit filleadh a bhaile 'na sagart chum Athán na Beatha do bhreadh do thaoibh bochta, cráidhte na h-Éireann tar éis beagáin de

Life of Red Donough Macnamara.

[Translated by T. ó Flannghaile from the Irish of John Fleming.]

1. Donnchadh Ruadh (or 'Red Donough') was born in Cratloe, in the Co. Clare, early in the last century. His parents intended him for the priesthood, and therefore he received in Ireland as much of his education as was possible for him at that time, and after that he was sent to Rome to finish his education and to receive Holy Orders. But instead of returning home in a few years a priest—to break the Bread of Life to the poor, oppressed people of Ireland—he was expelled from the college at

bliaḋanṫaiḃ, do ṁuaiġeaḋ ar an Áṁṫorcoil ran Róiṁ é, agus do ṫṁall sé ṫar 'air go Poṁṫláiṁġe. Do bí ran am sin scoil ċluḋaṁail laiṫne i g-cóṁṫae Phoṁṫláiṁġe, ag Sliaḃ g-Cua, i b-paráiṫe Sheirceáin, timċeall leiṫe-sliġe idir Ṁúin-garḃáin agus Chluain-mealla, agus do ṫṁall Donnċaḋ gaċ noṁeaċ ar an ionaḋ úd in áit ḋul d'á ṫir ḋúṫċair féin. Ḋoḃ' féidir gur ċualaiḋ Donnċaḋ ran Róiṁ ṫárc na scoile úd, óir do ṫigidir ógánaiġ ar gaċ ionaḋ in Éirinn go Sliaḃ g-Cua ag foġlaim roiṁ ḋul don Fhṙainc, don Spáinn nó don Iodáil ḋóiḃ. Ḃa ṡean-ráḋ ran Muṁain go bṙuair Sliaḃ g-Cua barr féile, barr léiġinn agus barr filiḋeaċta, agus ḋubairt Donnċaḋ féin ran "Eaċtra" beagán bliaḋan i ndiaiḋ an ama so gur b'é "Sliaḃ Geal g-Cua ruġ buaiḋ na féile."

11. Ní beag mar ḋeiṁniuġaḋ ar féile Luċt'

Rome, and he came back (to Ireland) landing at Waterford. There was at that time a famous Latin school in the Co. Waterford, at Slieve Gua, in the parish of Sesknan, about half-way between Dungarvan and Clonmel, and Donough made direct for that place instead of going to his own native district. Possibly he had heard in Rome of the fame of that school, for youths used to come from every part of Ireland to Slieve Gua to study before going to France or Spain or Italy. It was a proverb in Munster that Slieve Gua took the sway for hospitality, for learning, and for poetry, and Donough himself said in his *Adventures* a few years after this that "bright Slieve Gua bore the palm for hospitality."

2. It is no small proof of the hospitality of the inhabi-

áitreiḃ na tíre úd go raiḃ an scoil so 'gá reolaḋ le ceud bliaḋain nó mar sin, agus go bráġaḋaoir na h-óġánaiġ coimḋiġeaḋa úd gaḃáil leo agus iomdar in airce ó ġaḃáltaiḃiḃ Shléiḃe g-Cua. Mearfar uimir agus cineul na n-óġánaċ úd ar g-clos gur éirig iomáin ċomórtair idir iad-féin agus fearaiḃ na dúiḋċe timċill agus gur ċuir na daltaiḋe an báire ar muintir na tíre. Ir san scoil so mar an g-ceudna do fuair cliar an ċúigiḃ—fagairt agus oíf nó thiur earpog—léiġeann nó gur ċuaḋadar tar leas as foġlaim na diaḋaċta.

III. Ir baramail ċoitċeann gur máiġistir scoile Uilliam ó Moġráin ar a ḃruil teaċt taisir san "Eaċtra" agus gur b' in aon scoil do bí ré féin agus Donnċaḋ as múnaḋ. Aċt ni mar sin do bí. Gaḃáltaiḋe saiḋḃir ba h-eaḋ ó

tants of that district that that school was maintained for a hundred years or so, and that those stranger youths used to get lodging and free entertainment from the farmers of Slieve g-Cua. The number and quality of those youths may be imagined when we learn that a hurling match occurred between them and the young men of the surrounding country, and the scholars won the game from the country people. It was in this school too that the clergy of the province—priests and two or three bishops—received their education until they went [over sea, *i.e.*] abroad to study theology.

3. It is a common opinion that the William O'Moran, of whom there is mention in the *Adventures*, was a school-master, and that it was in one school he and Donough were teaching. But such is not the case. A rich farmer was O'Moran, and it is probable that it was in

Moġráin, agus ir imṁeasta ġur b' ar aoiḋeaċt 'na tiġ do ċomnuiġ Donnċaḋ ar d-teaċt go Sliaḃ g-Cua ḋó. Atá deirḃḟiur d'ó Mhoġráin aḋlaicte i reilig Mhaiġe-deilge ran g-comarranaċt, agus ar an leic ór a cionn do rcríoḃ a deaṙḃráṫair i Laiḋin: "Do bí naoi g-ceolraiḋe ran nGréig aċt tá an deaċmaḋ ḋíoḃ fá'n leic ro." San dara cuid d "Fhiliḋeaċt na Mumhan" (leaṫanaċ 211) deir Seaġan ó Dálaiġ go raiḃ 'na feilḃ Foclóir uí Ḃhriain in a raiḃ re rcríoḃta i Laiḋin: "Ir le Uilliam ó Moġráin an leaḃar ro, bliaḋain an Tiġearna, 1774."

11. Do bí ó Moġráin aoṙa an tan rin, ór ċeiṫre bliaḋna ar dá-ḟiċid roimhe rin do ġaḃ tairteallaiḋe de ṁuintir Choḃtaiġ ó ċóntae Luimniġ tré Shliaḃ g-Cua agus do fuair ré iortar oiḋċe i d-tiġ Thomáir uí Annagáin i dTiġ-na-coille ran g-ceanntar rin. Da file ó

his house that Donough lodged on going to Slieve Gua. There is a sister of O'Moran's buried in the church-yard of Modeligo in the neighbourhood, and on the flagstone over her grave her brother wrote in Latin: "There were nine Muses in Greece, but the tenth lies beneath this stone." In the second volume of the *Poetry of Munster* (page 211) John O'Daly says that he had in his possession (a copy of) O'Brien's *Irish Dictionary* in which there was written in Latin: "This book belongs to William O'Moran, year of our Lord 1774."

4. O'Moran was aged at that time, for, four and forty years before that a traveller of the name of O'Coffey from Co. Limerick passed through Slieve g-Cua and he got a night's lodging at the house of Thomas O'Hannigan in

h-Annagáin agus i g-caiteam na h-oíče d'éirig tagrad leiginn idir é féin agus an deoraid, agus ar bheirtin dó go raib an coimhtigeac ró foglamta dó do cuir ré fior ór Íriol ar ó Mográin go Tig-na-Lagaire. Tháinig ó Mográin agus do cheartuig ré an coimhtigeac i mBeurla, i Laidin, agus i nGaedilig, agus fuair ré cliste é in gach teanga díob agus ró eolac dó 'rna h-ealadnaib. Do cuireadh ruar tig-rcoile don deoraid i mBaile-na-giolcaige, agus ó'n trát rin, timcheall na bliadna 1730, go 1825, do bí rcoil Laidne d'á réolad ran g-comhgranacht; ar d-tús ag ó Coibtaig, agus ann rin ag Tomár ó Lonnargáin agus ag Tomár ó Caoimh, diaid i ndiaid.

U. Ir cinnte gur b' in aon rcoil le h-ó Coibtaig do bí Donnchad Ruad "ag riar luicht' duanta, druad, agus cléirneac" i mBaile-na-giolcaige i

Tinnakill in that district. O'Hannigan was a poet, and in the course of the evening a learned argument arose between himself and the stranger, and seeing that his visitor was too learned for him, he sent word privately for O'Moran to *Tigh-na-laghaire*. O'Moran came and questioned the stranger in English, in Latin, and in Irish, and found him proficient in each of these languages, and too clever for him in the sciences. A school-house was set up for the stranger in *Baile-na-giolcaighe*, and from that time—about the year 1730—to 1825, there was a Latin school conducted in the neighbourhood; at first by O'Coffey and then by Thomas O'Lonnargan and by Thomas O'Keeffe successively.

5. It is certain that it was in one school with O'Coffey that Red Donough was 'ministering to poets, seers, and clerics' in *Baile-na-giolcaighe* in 'bright Slieve Gua' until

"Sliabh Geal g-Cua" nó gur feoil an mí-ádh faoi dheuchd ádhachta do dhéanamh do cailin phéirseamhail do bí ran g-ceanntar. Dob féidir leis beith ag déanamh ádhachta den "t-Sagart tugadh teagasg go réimh dó"—agus d'éirtheadh ré leis an teagasg go h-uiríamach ag fúil le blaise na leanna d'fágail i g-cnic na comhairle—ach níl léig an ainnir a cuid magaidh leis: do cuir sí fód móna ar dearg-laradh i ndíon tighe na scoile maidin Lae Bealtaine i mbliadhain an t-seaca 1740, agus do b'éigean do Dhonnchadh imtheadh do dhéanamh. Ach ní fada do chuaidh sé, óir i mbeagán aimsire do ghéibheadh a chuairt arís i g-Carraig-an-chodalta ran g-comhranacht.

III. Ir nór i g-cóntae Phoirt-Láirge do fhagartaidh na b-parláirteadh timcheall dul go h-Ard-mór lá féile Naoimh Diaglán aig éirteacht faoiridin 'r ag rádh aifreann; agus i measc na g-cliar ann

ill-luck drove him to compose some satirical verses about a handsome girl [who lived] in the district. He might make fun of "the priest who used to give him kindly instruction"—and he would listen to the instruction meekly, expecting to get a drink of ale at the end of the counsel—but the young woman did not excuse his joking; she set a lighted sod of turf to the thatch of the school-house on the morning of May-day, the year of the frost, 1740, and Donough was obliged to make a move [change his quarters]. But he did not go far, for in a little while he is heard of again at Sleepy Rock in the neighbourhood.

6. It is a custom in the County Waterford for the parish priests to go to Ardmore on the feast day of St. Declan [24th July] to hear confessions and to say Mass; and

lá áiṁiḋe go h-aiḋġeárr i ndiaiḋ bliaḋna an t-reaca do bí an t-Athair Tomás ó Sṁiordiḋ, an t-Athair Séamus Céitin, agus an t-Athair Seagan ó Moirdiain. Do finne an dís eile cluiḋe áḋaḋta ar ṁoḋ éigin de'n Athair Tomás—ir inṁeartа gur dreuḋt aḃráin nó caointe do ċumadar dó; agus do finne an t-Athair Tomás dán dóiḃ-rean do ċoruiġear mar ro:

VII. "An aiṫniḋ díḃ Séamus ar Seagan óg
Aicme den ċléir rin do ġnáḋuiġ ceol,
Fear díoḃ ó ṡléiḃṫiḃ an ḃaile naċ aeinde
'San neaċ eile ó'n g-cé rin na mḃáḋ-reoil?

. . . . . .

"Ir maiṁ don té rin bí láiṁ leo
Cailleaṁain éirteaċt' baḋ ḋáil dó
Le fearḃar béiciġ, 'ra leaṫar d'a neubaḋ
Ar g-caiṫeaṁ an ṡéarta bí in Áṫa-ṁór!"

amongst the clergy there on one occasion shortly after the "Year of the Frost" were Father Thomas Griffin, Father James Keating, and Father John Ryan. The other two played a practical joke in some way on Father Thomas—probably it was a little song or elegy they composed for him; and Father Thomas composed a poem on them beginning thus:—

7. "Do ye know [this] James and young John
Some of the clerics that loved music—
One of them from the mountains near the town that is not the highest
The other from the quay of the sailing-boats?

. . . . . .

ı g-cṙíċ a ḃṙeuċta gıaoḋann an ṙıle aṙ Ḋhonn-ċaḋ 'gá ṙáḋ :

"A ċaṙa na n-éıgeaṙ náṙ ṙtáṅ ṙóṙ
Ó'n g-Caṙṙaıg ṙo taoḃ lınn naċ ṙáṁ neoı
Smaċtuıg an ċléıṙ ṙo leo' ċeangaın ı ḃ-ṙaoḃaṙ,
Nó gealłaım go ḃ-tṙaoċṙaṙ an ḋáıṁ leo!"

Ulll. Aḋeıṙ mac-leaḃaıṙ eıle "o'n g-Caṙṙaıg ṙo taoḃ lınn a ṙ ṙáṁ neoı" aċt ıṙ ḋóıg gur ḃ'é an ṙocal n a ċ aṙ ṙeáṙṙ ann ṙo, máṙ ṙíoṙ gur ḃ' ó ṙoglaıḋıḃ lé'ṙ gnáṫaċ teaċt ċum coḋalta ann tugaḋ an t-aınm, agus nı coḋlaḋ ṙuanṁaṙ ná ṙáṁ aṙ gnáṫ le ḋṙoınġ ḋen t-ṙaṁaıl ṙın ḋo

"Alas for him that was near them—
The loss of his hearing would have been a blessing to him—
With the gruffness of their roaring, and their skin bursting [with laughter].
Enjoying the feast there was at Ardmore!"

At the end of his poem, the poet calls upon Donough saying :—

"O friend of the poets who never didst flinch—
[Who comest] from the Rock beside us, where sweet sleep is not usual—
Chastise these clergy with sharpness in thy tongue
Or I promise that the bards will be put down by them!"

8. Another copy says "from the Rock beside us, where sweet sleep *is* usual," but it is probable that it is the phrase "is not" which is best here, if it is true that it was from robbers with whom it was customary to come to sleep there, the name was given, and it is not soft or sweet sleep

ḋéanaṁ. D'fḟreagair Donnċaḋ an ġlaoḋ i ndeuċt eile 'gá ḃfuil an tiodal ro 'náṁ ndiaiḋ:

IX. "Donnċaḋ Ruaḋ ccc. i d-taoiḃ ċṁáin na dtíre feuṁṁáiḋċe don Athair Tomás ó Gnío-fairḋ:

"So fceul do ċuġ danaoid ar deoṁán
Daoṁ-ċneaḋ ar feanaiḋ am' ṁeoḋan-láṁ
An t-aon-fear doḃ' fearrda bí in Éirinn de
fagairt
Ag cléir 'na rtoc-magaiḋ ar móṁ-ċnáid!

. . . . . .

Caom agus tairse agus toċtán
Déirc agus paca ar a ciompán
Gan feul in a rraga, gan ċléireaċ, gan ċapall
Ag an té finn' an magaḋ le fó-ḟráirc!

X. Do fuaigeaḋ Donnċaḋ ó Ḃhaile-na-gCiol-caiġe 'san mbliaḋain 1740, agus do ċuaiḋ re go

that is usual with people of that class. Donough answered the call in some verses headed as follows:—

9. "Red Donough sang of the droning of the forementioned pair about Father Thomas Griffin:

"Here is a story which has brought woe and grief,
Deep sighing and pain into my heart's core—
The one man who was best in Erin of [all her] priests,
A laughing stock and object of derision to some clergy!

. . . . . .

Plague and weakness and hoarseness,
Begging with a pack on his hump,
No sixpence in his purse, no clerk, no horse,
To him who thus scoffed, with great madness!"

10. Donough was driven from *Baile-na-giolcaighe* in the year 1740, and he went to Waterford on his way to

Port-Láirge ar a ṁuiġe go Talaṁ-an-éirc ran mbliaḋain 1745. Ioṁ an dá linn ro do bí re mar cimíd tamall éigin i g-Carraig-an-ḋoṁalta agus 'na ḋiaiḋ rin i mBarúntaċt ua Mac-coille láiṁ le h-eoċaill. D'innir mac a ṁic dam gurb' eṁann do ċaiṫ drong d'feaṁaiḃ óga d'fior cia aca do ṁeallfaḋ ċum euluiġṫe leir Máire ní Ogáin an cailín ba ṁó rċéiṁ dá raiḃ ran m-Barúntaċt agus ċum Donnċaḋa do ċuiṫ an cṁann, agus mar rin do ċuaiḋ ré go h-uiḃ Mac-coille.

XI. D'euluiġ Máire leir agus do póraḋ leir í; aċt ir inṁeasta naċ faḋa ḃíoḋar i mbun tiġir an tan do ċuiṁniġ Donnċaḋ ar imṫeaċt uaiṫe. Aṫeir re ran "eaċtra" agus an tinneas-faiṁge ḋó go mbaḋ ṁaiṫ leir a "ḃeiṫ ran mBarúntaċt am' neartuġaḋ 'oir Shaeḋealaiḃ, ag reic mo ceaṫraṁan, 'ras fmaċtuġaḋ mo ṫreuḋa."

Newfoundland ["The Land of Fish"] in 1745. Between these two dates he was, as we see, a while at Sleepy Rock, and after that in the Barony of Imokilly near Youghal. A grandson of his told me that lots were drawn by some young men to know who should induce Mary Hogan to elope with him—the handsomest girl there was in the Barony; and on Donough fell the lot, and then he went to Imokilly.

11. Mary eloped with him and was married to him; but it is probable they were not long house-keeping when Donough thought of leaving her. He says in his *Adventures*, when suffering from the sea-sickness, that he wished "he was in the Barony growing strong amongst his fellow-Gaels, selling his *ceathramhna* and keeping his flock in order."

XII. Ba h-iad aor óg na rcoile an tseud, act cheud í an ceathramha do bí aige le reic? 1 ndeuct eile do rinne ré a-bfad i ndiaid na h-aimrire ro, deir ré go mb-feadir leir a beit "ag díol gairtéirídhe ná ag dul fá'n g-coill." Imeartc na g-ciall eile ag an bfocal c e a t r a m h a, ciallduigeann ré miar beag conaid nó *trencher*, agus ba mhiara beaga agus móra den adbar ro bídead ag muintir na h-Éireann ceud go leit bliadain ó foin, in áit na miar cruad atá anoir aca; agus ba gnáth ceannaidhe beaga ag gabáil timcill dá reic ro mar gach earrad eile ar a mbiann lorg. Ní dóig gur cleacht Donnchad ceannaideacht ná díoluigeacht ar bit riamh. act gurb' mar bhoichnear ar a fuige-beatha do thácstann ré ar an nguó ro. Ir dóig mar an sceudna nár bfada go bfuair Máire ní Ógáin amac nár

12. The children at his school were his "flock," but what was the "*ceathramha*" he had to sell? In another poem he composed long after this time he says, he would prefer "to be selling garters to going to the wood." Amongst other meanings of the word *ceathramha* it signifies a small wooden dish or "trencher," and it was dishes large and small of this material that the people of Ireland used to have a hundred and fifty years ago, instead of the earthenware dishes they have now: and it was usual for petty dealers [pedlars] to go about selling these like every other ware that was in demand. It is improbable that Donough ever did any selling or dealing of any sort, and it appears that it was only in disparagement of his own mode of life he spoke of his business. It is likely too that it was not long till Mary Hogan found out that she was no better off to be with Donough than to be without him, and probably

bpeáṁ dí Donnċaḋ aiċí 'ná uaiṫe, aġur ir dóiġ fóṁ ġo d-tuġ a muintir conġnaṁ ċum an fear beaġ-ṁaiṫeaṁaiġ do ċur tar fáile; aċt in áit dul anonn ir eaḋ do ġinne ré fanṁain i b-Poiṫ-láirġe ġur ċaiṫ ré a naiḃ aiġe. Níp ċuaiḋ ré ġo dúṫaiġ Dhéiseaċ aṁáċ i ndiaiḋ na h-aimsire so; do ċuġ ré an ċuid eile d'á ġaoġal i ndúṫaiġ Phaoraiġ, idir ġléiḃtiḃ an Chumarraiġ agur an t-Siuir, aċt ġo ndeaċaiḋ ré ġo Talaṁ-an-éirc uair air fead d'á ġaṁraḋ ar geiṁriḋ, agur ġo d-tuġ ré cuairt nó dó ran bprainc, nó i ġann éiġin eile de ṁóiṫiṁ na h-Eorpa.

XIII. I gCoill-ṁic-Thomáiṁ 'fead ċimíd é ar d-túr tar éis ré na h-"Eaċtra." Do ġuġaḋ an t-Athair Tomás ó Flannaḃra ragairt paraire Chluana-meala ran mbliaḋain 1756, agur ir as dul ċum a baiptiḋ do bí Donnċaḋ ó Choill-ṁic-Thomáiṁ ġo d-tí an Sráḋ-baile an tan do ċuaiḋ

her family gave something to send the husband of little good across the water; but instead of going off what he did was to stay in Waterford till he had spent all he had. He did not go to the Decies' country [ever] again after this time: he spent the rest of his life in Powers' country between the mountains of the Comeragh and the Suir, except that he went once to Newfoundland for two summers and a winter, and that he once or twice visited France or some other part of the continent of Europe.

13. It is in Kilmacthomas we first see him after the period of his *Adventures*. Father Thomas Flannery, parish priest of Clonmel, was born in the year 1756, and, it was going to his christening that Donough was, from Kilmacthomas to Stradbally, when he entered the priest's

ré irteaċ i dtiġ an t-saġairt ar a ṁliġe. Adeir Donnċaḋ san Eaċtra :

"Nuair ċuġaḋ mo ċomḟarsain cóir ar ġleus dam
Ghnídinn cuideaċta ar ṗóṗt ó'n nóin go
ċéile."—

Agus atá re ráidte naċ raib in Éirinn cuideaċta doḃ' feárr 'ná é san áit a raib an cóir ṁaiṫ le fáġail. Do bí fáilte roiṁe ag gaċ bainis ar cóirig agus ir ċum cuideaċta do déanaṁ ag an mbairteaḋ do ċuall re don t-Sráḋbaile. D'óṅduiġ an saġart, an t-Athair Seaġan ó Caṫarraiġ, d'a ṁnaoi-tiġe, pionnta leanna do ṫabairt dó, aċt ba beag le Donnċaḋ sin, agus d'iarr sé deoċ eile. Dubairt an saġart naċ raib se ar a acfainn béiṫ ag taḃairt leanna do gaċ fear tairte dá ngeoḃaḋ an t-sliġe, agus d'imtiġ Donnċaḋ mar a raib a ċuall. Tháinig an saġart ann

house on his way thither. Donough says in his *Eachtra:*

"When my neighbours gave me a fair opportunity
and means
I would make fun and sport from one evening to
another."—

And it is said there was not in Ireland better company than he wherever there was a good reception to be found. There was a welcome for him at every wedding and feast, and it was to afford amusement at the christening that he set out for Stradbally. The priest, Father John Casey, ordered his housekeeper to give him a pint of ale, but Donough thought little of that, and he asked for another draught. The priest said that he could not afford [it was

mar an g-ceudna ; agus ar mbeit don ċuideaċta ag ól agus ag aoibneas do ṫáinig teaċtaire 'gá rád go raib barraille an t-sagairt ag taorcad na leanna. Leis sin do sinne Donnċad an dán don Athair Seagan ó Caṫarraig in a ndeir sé gur b' iad an sluag-side d'ol lionn an t-sagairt, agus dár torad :

"Is maing-guirt i m-bailte Chuirc, is bród 'sin scíor," etc.*

XIII. Trí bliadana d'éis an ama so, san mbliadain 1759, do bí Donnċad ag "Teagasg na n-óg 'sas comairliugad na g-cnionna" in Ath-na-scoile agus 'san g-Cairleán-nuad timċeall ċúig míle fearainn roir ó Choill-mic-Thomáisin ar an t-sliġe go Portláirge, óir is ó'n áit-se do

not in his power] to be giving beer in that way to every idler that was going the road, and so Donough set out for his destination. The priest arrived there too ; and while the company were drinking and amusing themselves there came a messenger to say that Father John's barrel had burst, and all his ale was running out. Thereupon Donough composed that poem about Father John Casey in which he says that it was the fairies had drunk the priest's ale, and which begins :

"'Tis bitter-woe midst the towns of Corc, 'tis grief and 'tis misery," &c.

14. Three years after this—in 1759—Donough was "teaching the young and advising the old," in *Ath-na-scoile*, and in Newcastle, about five miles of land east of Kilmacthomas, on the way to Waterford, for it is from

* See p. 93 for some verses of this poem.

tuz ré an "pas"* nó ceaD-tairtil do "Riseapd rábac Mac Searailt" aon dá dalta'ib feac-ránaca. Cúig bliadna eile fós agus fáscar Donnchadh i gCoill-mic-Thomáisin i b-fis-íochtar na h-aimdeise. Ag fo mar do fsríob ré an tan fo cum duine-uasail in adcuinge: "Don t-saoi uasal, oirdearc, áird-céimeach, eadón, Séamus Ducat, oncú coranta agus ceann-comairce, agus fos mór na n-uasal n-éigseac, n-ealadanta, n-Éireannach, agus go h-áirithe, a fearb-fosantaide dílis féin, eadón, Donnchadh Macnamara, aon d'ord árd-ollamhan Leatha Mogha Nuadat, i g-Coill-mic-Thomáisin, 1764." Is mar fo torruigear an adcuinge:

"A uasail dil fuaisc den mís ar aoisde
Ó'r dual duit is tú ar uairle 'sar aoidne."—

this place he gave the "Pass" or *Right to Travel* to "Richard Fitzgerald the Dashing," one of his wandering scholars. Another five years and Macnamara is found in Kilmacthomas in the very depth of misery. Thus he wrote at that time to a gentleman in a petition: "To the noble, illustrious and exalted gentleman, namely, James Ducket, the defending leopard and protecting chief and great support of the bard-loving, learned nobles of Ireland, and especially of his faithful servant, Donough Macnamara, one of the order of chief poets of Mogh Nuadhat's half, at Kilmacthomas, 1764." Thus begins the *Petition*:—

"O dear pleasant chief of the highest race
As is natural for thee, thou art the noblest and the fairest."—

---

* See p. 99

agus nuair léigmíd í, címíd ar fannaid éigin go raib Donnchad fa táir ag a comharranaib uile. Tar éis mórain blanndaib do tabairt don duine uasal, do bein Donnchad le cuigrin dó go d-tabairfaid díol dó 'na maitear le "cuideachta ar fróit" do déanamh dó óir adeir réan g-ceangal:

"Ad' coimirce téidimre, a Séamuir uasail aoird
'S gur libre gach céim, gach réim, 'r gach buaid fan tír,
Act cuirid i g-céill nach craob gan chaille rinn
Ar cuideachta Ghaedilge béar mar dualgus díb!"

XII. Do chuaid MacConmara mar rin go Baile-an-Fhaoitig; do fuair ré cobair ann, agus ba gnáthach ann é air fead mórain de bliadantaib i

And when we read it, we see from some of the verses that Donough was in disgrace with all his neighbours. After bestowing much flattery on the gentleman, Donough gives him to understand that he will pay him for his kindness by "making fun and sport for him," for he says in the "Summing-up:"

"To thy protection I come, O noble, exalted James,
Seeing that thou hast every grade, every power, every virtue in the country;
But make it known I am not a branch without a stock,
And Irish amusement I will give thee in return!"

15. Macnamara went to White's-town, he received help there, and there he remained for many years after.

ndiaiḋ an ama ro. Dhí Ducat fial, fáilteamail mar do bí mórán d'uaislib na h-Éireann an tan rin. Da lucht gaoil fogair dó na Paorais, eadon, tigearnaide an Chuirrais móir, Clann-Chraic Shléibe g-Cua, agus urmór uaisle eile ċóntae Phortláirge. Tugaḋ an léigteoir fá n-a aire gurḃ' i mBaile-an-Fhaoitig do ċomnuig Séamus Ducat, gid gonglaoiḋtear "Baile-na-bFaoiteaċ" air san Aċċuinge. Atá Baile-na-bFaoiteaċ timċeall ċúig mile roir fá deas ó'n mbaile ro. Ir a mBaile-na-bFaoiteaċ do bí "Rirteard bán do b'feárr de Phaorais" 'na ċomnuige, agus ir ann do ċuaiḋ Séamus Grae aig iarraid aoideaċta mar ċifear go h-aċċumain. Ir é an ċeud tuarairc fagtar ar Dhonnċaḋ i mBaile-an-Fhaoitig as déanaḋ dána-caointe do Domnall ó Corbáin ar a d-tugtaoi "*Count Corbet*" ar uairiḃ—fánaige naċ raiḃ "aon áit a n-áiriġte aige ná aon áit 'na fárać air." Do ċuir an fear ro fá'n mbórd

Ducket was generous and hospitable as many of the gentry of Ireland were at that time. He was nearly related to the Powers—lords of Curragh-more—the MacGraths of Slieve Gua and many others of the gentry of Co. Waterford. The reader should take heed that it was in *White's-town* James Ducket lived, though it is called *Whites'-town* in the Petition. Whites'-town is about five miles south-east of this place. It is in Whites'-town lived "Fair Richard, the best of the Powers," and it is thither went James Gray seeking a lodging, as will be seen shortly. The first tidings we get of Donough at White's-town relate to his composing an elegy for Daniel O'Corban [or "Corbet"] who used to be called "Count

ı mBaile-an-Fhaoitiġ agus do h-ainmiġ ar Dhonnċaḋ é ċaoineaḋ. Ag ro a dó nó a trí de na rannaiḃ caointe:

XUI. "A éigse Bhanba, ní fearaċ dílḃ cúis mo ḃróin,
Sceul do ċuġ marla, ċuġ ceineaḋaḋ ran Mumain ar ġleo,
Thuġ cliar ġan laġa ar biṫ ag aġallaṁ ar úiṙo na Róṁa,
An cléireaċ calma marḃ ġan lúṫ fá'n ḃ-fód!

Fá'n ḃ-fód ġlar, mo ġleo-ċreaċ! an t-ollaṁ ruairc,
An t-óigfear Sir Domnall, ceann coġaiḋ na ruaġ—
Fear-comfoġuir Riġ Seoirse, fear-coranta i ġ-cruainn,
Fear ólta na ġ-corónaċ 'ra m-bronnaḋ ar an rluaġ.

Corbet" sometimes— a wanderer who had "no fixed place to live in, and no waste place to trouble about." This man fell under the table at White's-town, and Donough was asked to *keen* him. Here are two or three of the verses of this *caoine* [or elegy] :—

16. "Ye learned of Banva, ye know not the cause of my sorrow—
An event that has brought reproach, and wailing and confusion into Munster—
That has set the clergy and the orders of Rome discoursing vigorously
The sturdy scholar, now dead, motionless, under the sod!

An fluagh má chig tar muir ir náir an fceul,
'S gan d'uachtar nio againn acht Corbet féin
Mo chuagh-fa anoir na fir gan fcáth, gan fcéit
'S an fuagaire mear, cuirte, ar lár fan eug!"

XVII. Ar an mbeagán de ftair Dhonnchaoa do concamar go d-tí fo ir inmhearta dúinn nár b' fear deighbeurach é, agus ba chor dúinn, ar a beul féin, gur dhoch-comhairain é féin agus muintir Choille-mhic-Thomáirín. Ir in-chreidte uime rin, go mb' feárr leir na daoinib fan mbaile beag úd a g-cuann do cur go "Dhreillín ó Deoláin"* nó go "Faicín ó Flannagáin" ná go fcoil Donnchaoa; agus atá fé fáidte gur

Under the green sod! my utter ruin! the pleasant chief poet,
The young man, Sir Daniel, chief of battle and of routs,
Kinsman to King George, defender in necessity,
The spender of crowns, and the giver of them to the crowd

The crowd who come over the sea will be shocked
To find we are unsheltered since we lost the kind Corbet—
My woe it is now, our men (are) without protection, without a shield,
When the swift skilled hunter is stretched low, in death!"

17. From the little of Donough's story we have seen thus far, it may be inferred that he was not a man of good life, and we have heard from his own mouth that he and the people of Kilmacthomas were bad neighbours. We may believe therefore that the people of that little town would prefer to send their children to "Coxcomb O'Boland" or "Tatter O'Flanagan" rather than to Donough's school; and it is said that he informed against

*See the Par Donnchaoa Ruaidh, p. 99.

áitiġ Donnċaḋ ar ḃriġ a móide ġur fháṗaire aġur máiġistir-scoile neaċ éiġin aca ro. D'innis duine fíḟinneaċ dam, do réir a ċuimhne, ġo ḃṗaċaiḋ sé an barántar aġur ainm Sheámuis Ducat leis. Bhí scoil i Sliaḃ gCua, i g-Caṫraiġ-an-ċoḋalta, in ġaċ áit—cionnas mar ḟin do bacfaiḋe do Bhṗeillín ó Bheoláin aiṫne ar na litṗeaċaiḃ do ṫaḃairt d'aos óg dúiṫċe fhaoṫaċ? Do bí se in aġaiḋ an diuġe d'aon fháṗaire scoil do múnaḋ, aċt níḟ ġnáṫaċ le h-aon duine den ċineiḋeoṁ Ghallda cuṫ isteaċ ná amaċ ar muintiṙ na scoile, aċt le duine dṫoċ-aiġeantaċ, nó le duine i b-feiṫ mar bí Donnċaḋ an t-am ro. Níḟ ċeaduiġeaċ d'aon mac Gaeḋealaċ feaṙann talmhan do ġlacaḋ ná a beiṫ aiġe, aċt ar a ḟon ḟin, do bí gaḃáltair aġ Gaeḋealaiḃ in ġaċ áiṙd in Éiṙinn, aċt is minic ḃa in ainm daoineaḋ nGallda do ġlacaḋaoiṙ na gaḃáltair

one or other of these—swearing that he was a Papist and schoolmaster. A trustworthy man told me that, to the best of his recollection, he had seen the warrant signed with the name of James Ducket. There was a school in Slieve Gua, one at Sleepy Rock, one everywhere—how therefore could "Coxcomb O'Boland" be prevented from teaching the youth of Powers' country their letters! It was against the law for any Papist to teach a school; but it was not usual for one of the Protestant faith to pass in or out amongst the teachers of schools, except for an evil-disposed person or one roused to anger as Donough was at this time. It was not permissible for a Catholic son to take or hold a farm of land, but yet there were farms held by Catholics in every part of Ireland, though often it was in the name of Protestants they used to take

ro, agur ar uairib ba daoine Gallda do glacad doib iad. Dad ceart duinn uile fior do beit ag-ainn ar na neitib ro, agur beit cantanac d'a reir.

XVIII. Ata an ni eile ro ait mar an g-ceudna. Ba daoine drocht-beurada morán de mháigirtrib-rcoile na h-aimrire úd, agur go minic dob' éigean do na pagartaib iad d'imdeargad i láthair an phobuill. Ar an láim eile, ba ni gnátach na máigirtride ag déanam dán-ádacta do na pagartaib agur fór 'gá n-aoireadh, agur gan ceard ag ceachtar aca rearam ar fód de talam Éireann. Ir é ni ar inmeartа i g-cár Donnchada, má tóg ré an bapántar, gurb' mar mhagad do rinne ré. Níp duine é Ducat cum géirleanmain do déanam ar aon neach. Ba h-é ceann na g-comharpan in gach iomáin agur cluiche eile don t-ramail rin é. Ba h-é an taoiread ar fearaib na tuaithe é pan m-bruidin roir iad féin agur

these farms, and sometimes it was Protestants who (actually) took the farms for them. We should all of us know these things and be charitable accordingly.

18. There is this other curious thing besides. Many of the schoolmasters of that time were men of bad character, and often the clergy were compelled to reprove them publicly before the congregation. On the other hand it was not unusual for the schoolmasters to make lampoons on the priests, and even to satirize them—whilst neither class had leave to hold a sod of Irish ground. Most probably, in the case of Donough, if he took out the warrant, it was for a joke he did it. Ducket was not a man to persecute anyone. He was the head of the neighbours in every hurling match and game of the kind. He

muintir na Carraige ran mbliadain 1782. Act is ni cinnte gur theig MacConmara a cheirdeamh timcheall an ama do cuaid ré go Baile-an-Fhaoitig. Do fuair cléireach an teampuill i g-Coill-mic-Thomáirín bár, agus do cuig tuarastal an chléireachair ar Dhonnchadh a cheirdeamh 'ra cogsuar do theilgean le gaoith. Chifimid go h-aitgeárr nach bfuair ré cheirdeamh ná cogsuar eile 'na n-áit act gurb' as fonómaid fa luct a nuaid-cheirdimh do bí ré.

XIX. Atá a fior ag an t-raogal nár cheaduig duige na fiogachta d'aon Pháraire "teitheadh béil-adhairce d'fearann" do beit aige, agus gur chuaid uimhón uairle na h-Eireann cum teampuill air eagla a mbeatha do cailleamhain. I mearc na droinge do léig a nóir-feunadh timcheall an ama ro do bí Uilliam Paor Bhaile-ui-

was the leader of the country people in the conflict between them and the people of Carrick in the year 1782. But it is certain that Macnamara forsook his religion about the time he went to White's-town. The clerk of the [Protestant] church at Kilmacthomas died, and the salary attached to this clerkship induced Donough to fling creed and conscience to the wind. We shall see shortly that he found no other creed or conscience in their place—that (in fact) he was only fooling the followers of the new creed.

19. It is known to the world that the law of the kingdom did not allow a Papist to hold the "breadth of a horn's mouth" of land, and that most of the gentry of Ireland went to church through fear of losing their livelihood. Amongst those who read their recantation about this time was William Power of Ballyvoyle, a neighbour of

Dhaoiġill, comḟarṙa do Dhonnċaḋ. Do bí teampull ran t-Sṙáḋ-baile 'na ḟíoṙ-ċomḟarṙanaċt ro, agus teampull i g-Coill-mic-Thomáiṙín—an teampull 'na raiḃ Donnċaḋ ag ṙiaḋóḷaṁ—aṙ an t-ṙliġe roiṁe, acht níṙ b'áil le Uilliam Paoṙ a ċheideaṁ do ḋiultaḋ óṙ comaiṙ a ċomḟarṙan, agus uime ṙin do ċuiṙ ré aiṙteaṙ d'á mhíle ḋeug aiṙ féin, ag tṙiall go Maoċail Dhṙóġáin ċum ṙláṁ do ċuṙ le cheideoiṁ Chuain aṙ Dhṙoġáin—an cheideaṁ dá'ṙ ġéill ré do gaċ alt dé. Iaṙ m-beiṫ do ḟeiṙḃíṙ an teampuill chṙíoċnuiġṫe do ċuaiḋ Uilliam go baile-an-ḟhaoitiġ aṙ a ṙliġe a baile, le Séamuṙ Ducat, agus aṙ g-caiṫeaṁ beagáin ḟíona agus bṙiorca ḋó, do leag ré a ċeann aṙ leaba-ṙínte, agus do ċuiṫ neul codalta aiṙ. Do ċuaiḋ muintiṙ an tiġe amaċ ran ngáiṙdín ag ṙiuḃal: d'ḟágḃadaṙ an codlatać 'na ḟuan, agus dorus an t-seomṙa-

Donough's. There was a church in Stradbally in his immediate neighbourhood, and a church at Kilmacthomas—that in which Donough was now serving—on the way before him, but William Power did not wish to renounce his religion in sight of his neighbours, and so gave himself a journey of twelve miles, going to Mothel-Brogan to bid farewell to the creed of Cuan and Brogan—the creed in whose every article he (still) believed. When the church service was finished William went into the house of James Ducket on his way home, and after taking a little wine and a biscuit, he laid his head on a sofa, and fell into a doze. The people of the house went out into the garden for a walk; they left the sleeper in his slumber, and the door of the sittingroom in which Power

ruiṡte in a ṁaiṡ ré, forcailte ; agus ar ṡ-faġail an doruiṙ mar rin do ḃeata ġaḃair ṡí aiġ imċeaċt timċeall an tiġe, níṙ ṡ'áil leir ġan dul irteaċ agus ġaḃáil d'a aḋarcaiḃ ar ḟear an nuaiṡ-ċreiṡiṁ. Ḃioḋġar re ro ar a ċodlaḋ, agus ḟeuċ an t-ainṁiṡ cniṡ-eaġlaċ ór a ċoṁair—aḋarca, cruḃa, agus uile !

XX. Aḋeirċeadr ar ṡ-feicrin rluaiġ ḋeaṁan d'Iuilian, impire ainċriortaṁail d'a ṁaiṡ ran Róiṁ, ġur ċuir ré coṁarṫa na croire air féin ; agus dar n-dóiġ ní h-ionġnaḋ Uilliam Ṗaor do ḋeanaṁ aiṫrire air. Ní h-ionġnaḋ fór ġur ḟan ré ran mḃaile on teampull. Tamall na ḋiaiḋ rin d'ḟiarruiġ an minirtir de creud fá naċ ṁaiṡ ré aġ teaċt ġaċ Domnaċ aġ breiṫ buiḋeaċair ar ron an t-roluir do bronnaḋ air. D'ḟreagair an Ṗaorać é agus aḋubairt naċ ṁaċaḋ ré ċum an teampuill go m-béiḋeaḋ an

was (lying) open ; and a pet goat that used to go about the house, finding the door thus open, was not satisfied till he went in and began to butt at the man of the new faith. He started out of his sleep, and lo ! the dreaded beast was before him—horns, hoofs, and all !

20. It is said that when Julian, the apostate Emperor of Rome, saw a host of demons, he put the sign of the cross upon himself, and certainly it is no wonder if William Power followed his example. A while after this, the minister asked him why he was not coming every Sunday [to church] to give thanks for the light which had been given to him. Power answered him and said that he would not go to church till he knew the creed well ; that he was at the same time spending his life as a

ċṙé ɡo maiṫ aiɡe ; aċt ṙan am ċeuṫna ɡo naiḃ ṙe aɡ taḃaiṙt a ḃeaċa maṙ ba ċóiṁ ṫo Shaɡṙanaċ— ɡo naiḃ ṙé aɡ meiṙceoiṁeaċt, aɡ taḃaiṙt na míonn, aɡuṙ aɡ cleaċtaḋ ɡaċ ṫuḃáilce uaiṙle eile aṙ nóṙ na ɡ-comaṙṙan nɡaillṫa. Sí ċṙé aṙ aṙ ṫṙáċt ṙé ṫṙeuċt ɡan ḃaiṫ, ɡan áiṙṫ, ṫo ṙcṙíoḃ Ṫonnċaḋ Ruaḋ ḋó i nṫoṙoċ-ḃeuṙla, aṙ a ṫ-tuɡṫaṙ "Ċṙé aiṁċṙíoṙtaṁail Uilliam Paoṙ Ṫhaile-ui-ḃaoiɡill." Ní ṙiu an ṫuan ṙuaṙaċ ṙo ṫo ḃeiṫ aṙ maṙṫain.

XXI. Aċt iṙ ṙiu ṫáṅ ḃeaɡ eile ṫo ṙcṙíoḃ Ṫonnċaḋ aṙ m-ḃeiṫ 'na ċléiṙeaċ teampuill ṫo ċuṙ ṙíoṙ. Ṫoṙuiɡeann ṙe maṙ ṙo :

"Ní ṙeicṙeaṙ mo ṫṙom-ṙa aɡ cuṙ alluiṙ ɡo naṁaṙ A'ɡṙaṙaḋ ná a' ṫṙeaḃaḋ aon am ṫen ḃliaḋain."

[ṙeic an l.]

Protestant should, drinking, swearing, and practising every other noble vice, like his Protestant neighbours. The "creed" he spoke of was a worthless, valueless composition Red Donough wrote for him in bad English called "The Anti-christian Creed of William Power of Bally-voyle." The wretched verses are not worth preserving.

21. But another little poem written by Donough when he became clerk to the Protestant Church, is worth keeping. It begins thus :—

"My back shall no longer be seen perspiring profusely
Grubbing or ploughing at any time of the year." *

* See p. 107.

XXII. Ag léigeaḋ an fainn torais nó fainn eile ar bit don "Chré Aindiabhtamail" cia mearrad go d-tiucfaḋ fann gan áird den t-samail so ó'n b-peann do sgiob "Bán-chnoic Eireann óig." Act do bí Eogan Ruaḋ [ó Súilliubáin] com neimh-chirte ceudna san m-Beurla, agus ní mó an áird do bí ar ó Ceallaillán caoc féin san teangain sin. Ní fear dúinn cia 'méid bliaḋan d'fan Donnchaḋ ag déanamh cléireachair an teampuill, act dar n-dóig, ní féidir gur glacaḋ ann é dar éis na ndán so do beit i m-beul na ndaoineaḋ.

XXIII. D'fág MacConmara teampull Choille-mic-Thomáis in agus an t-arán agus an fion agus an feoil úd, act ní fuil aon chóntar againn cá h-in nó cionnar do chaith sé uimhir na h-aimsire 'na diaid sin. Is dóig gur b' ag múnaḋ sceile ann so agus annsúd do bí sé. Do bí sé san

22. In reading the first or any other verse of the "Anti-christian Creed," who would think that a worthless verse of the kind came from the same pen that wrote "The Fair Hills of Holy Ireland"? But Red Owen [O'Sullivan] was equally unskilled in English, and the blind O'Carolan had no great acquaintance with that tongue. We do not know how many years Donough retained the church clerk-ship; but of course he could not be received after the verses had got into the mouths of the people.

23. Macnamara left the [Protestant] Church of Kil-macthomas—and the bread, and the wine, and the meat—and we have no account of where or how he spent the greater part of the time after that. Likely enough it was in teaching school here and there. He was a while at Ballybrack, about a mile and a half from Kilmacthomas,

mBaile bheag, timcheall míle go leith ó Choill-mhic Thomáirín tamall éigin, dar ar ann do rinneadh ré "Eachtra Shéamuis Ghraig," eadóin, scoláire dubh ag "fágail eoluis" uaidh. Do chuaidh an scoláire go tráth-nóna áirithe ais iarthair aoidheachta tar teorainn go Baile-na-bFaoiteach, agus fa dheoidh do carad isteach é i dteach drochchaillighe do dhuilt biadh ná leaba do thabhairt dó go neamh-fhoighneanta. Do bí ocras ar Sheamus agus ní ghnáthach luchtocrais foighideach. D'fheagair ré an caillteach ran bhfoghair cheudna, agus más fíor do Dhonnchadh do rugadar ar mhullaighibh ceann a chéile. I gcrích an chomhraic dubh' éigean do Sheamus "cur ar na boinn" ag teitheadh ó ghaoltaibh na caillighe. Ar an noiaidh na himirce so do bhídeadh ré i bhfochair Pheadair uí Chinnéide ran mBaile so na bFaoiteach—"i m Baile-Sheoirse i gcomhgar an tréimhsir—'ran gCill ó'n truim go chéile."

for it is there he wrote the "Adventures of James Gray," a poor scholar that he had studying with him. The scholar went one evening beyond the mearing [or boundary] to Whitestown to seek a lodging; and at last he turned into the house of a surly old dame who refused to give him food or bed—and refused not very graciously. James was hungry, and the hungry are not generally patient. He answered the old woman in the same tone, and if Donough is to be believed, they seized each other by the hair of the head. The end of the struggle was that James had to take to his heels in flight from the old dame's relations. After this he used to be with Peter O'Kennedy in this Whitestown—"in Georgestown near the gentleman—in Kill from one time to another." We

Atá cóntar aʒainn mar an ʒ-ceudna ʒo d-tuʒad re cuairt ar duine-uaral áiride de cineal na m-Breathnach do comnuiʒ i ʒCarraiʒ-na-Siuire. Oiodce dá raib ré i dtiʒ an duine-uarail ro do buail ré féin aʒus drong éiʒin eile d'á raib ann a céile. Ar n-a márad do cúm Donnċad dán aʒ saʒáil a leiṫrcéil féin aʒus aʒ cur milleáin na rcléipe ar beadaidheaċt ár ʒ-ceud-máṫar—do rtad an t-uball 'na rcórnaiʒ, ar Donnċad, aʒus mar rin d'fáʒ rí tart do-múċta ar a clann-maicne uile.

XXIII. Arír atá cóntar ʒo mbidead ré féin aʒus Taidʒ Gaedealaċ i d-tiʒ muintire Chaṫaraiʒ i Móin-mionáin leaṫ rliʒe roir Choill-mic-Thomáirin aʒus an Charraiʒ. Do bí Donnċad uair áiride ann ro aʒ rcríobad reanmóra, no eaċtra, nó dánad o fáʒail éiʒin, aʒus ar b-feudain

have an account too that he used to visit a certain gentleman of the Walshes who dwelt at Carrick-on-Suir. One evening he was at the house of this gentleman, Donough and some others who were there (quarrelled and) struck each other. Next day Donough composed a poem excusing himself, and laying the blame of the disturbance on our first mother's fondness for dainties—"the apple stuck in her throat," said Donough, "and thus she left an unquenchable thirst on all her sons."

24. Again we are told that he and Theigue Gaelach used to meet at the house of the O'Caseys at *Móin-mhionáin* halfway between Kilmacthomas and Carrick. Donough was here on one occasion writing out a sermon, or story, or poem for a priest, and when Theigue saw the writing, he remarked, "He will not be able to read this writing—it

ar an rgríbinn do Thaódg, adubairt sé: "Ní b-fuigid sé an rgríbinn so do léigeadh, atá sí só cnapta." Is baramail coitceann nach raib aon fogluim ar Thaódg acht tairbéanann so go raib, dir gan fogluim níor b'eol dó rgríbinn do beit cnapta nó gan a beit. Do h-adlacad Taódg Gaedealach i mBaile-ui-Laicnín an ceud lá den bliadain 1800, agus do rgríob Donnchad dó an fearg-laoi bleag Laidne sin dár dorad—

"*Thaddeus hic situs est, oculos huc flecte, viator.*"*

Is follus go raib a ciall agus a ceudfaid go h-iomlán ag Donnchad an tan do rgríob se an fearg-laoi sin, gid go raib sé ceud bliadain d'aois nó timcheall ar an uair sin.

XXII. Atámaoid anois ag druidim le crích beatha agus raogail Donnchada Ruaid. Do tug sé urmór na ndeic mbliadan tar éis adlaicte Thaidg ui Shuilliubáin i mBaile ui-Mhaolalain i

is too contracted." It is a common opinion that Theigue had no learning, but this shows that he had, for if he were illiterate he would not have known whether the writing was contracted or not. Theigue Gaelach was buried in Ballylaneen, on New Year's Day in 1800, and Donough wrote for him the fine Latin epitaph which begins :—

"*Thaddeus hic situs est, oculos huc flecte, viator!*"

It is clear that Donough had all his senses and faculties when he wrote that epitaph, though his age was nearly a hundred at that time.

25. We are now drawing near the close of the life and times of Red Donough. He spent most of the ten years following the burial of Theigue O'Sullivan, in *Baile-ui-*

* See p. 109.

b-paráirte na Cille, ag múnad cloinne Shéamuir Bháin Paor. Do bí triur ógánac díob ro ag foglaim ó Dhonnċaḋ, gur póraḋ an mac ba fine aca timċeall na bliaḋna 1810. Fiċe bliaḋain i ndiaiḋ an tráṫa ro d' innis mac an fir ro dam gur b'ar rprié a máṫar do díolaḋ tuarcartal Donnċaḋa. 'Na diaiḋ ro do ċuaiḋ MacConmara a baile agus do ċomnuig ré ran mbocán 'na raiḃ a muintir ar feaḋ na coda eile d'á raogal—ceiṫre bliaḋana nó mar rin. Is cuimin leis an muintir do lean rinn go d-tí ro go raiḃ ag Donnċaḋ mar adubairt ré féin—ar mbeiṫ dó ag dul tar ráile, tuilleaḋ agus trí fiċid bliaḋain roimh an am ro—"cófra doimin a d-toillfinn féin ann" ré rin cófra in a bfuigeaḋ re rliġe rinte agus iompuigṫe. Dhí an cófra darac ro aige anoir, agus is ann do ċodail ré air feaḋ an beagáin bliaḋan do ṁair re.

Mhaothaláin in the parish of Kill, teaching the children of James Bawn Power.

There were three youths of them studying under Donough, till the eldest was married about the year 1810. Twenty years after that date, this man's son told me that it was out of his mother's dowry that Donough's salary was paid. After this Macnamara went home, and he lived in the cottage his family had for the remainder of his life, four years or so. Those who have followed us thus far remember that Donough possessed—as he himself said when going abroad more than sixty years before this date—"a deep chest in which I myself could fit"—that is, a chest in which he could find room to lie and to turn round. This oaken chest he had still, and it is in it he used to sleep for the last few years of his life.

XXVII. Adeir Seaġan ó Dálaiġ gur ġnáth Donnċaḋ aġ ġaḃáil timċill aiġ iarrtaḋar ran mbliaḋain 1810, agus gur ḃíol ré féin cuid den ċíos iarrtaḋair. Níl focal den ḟíḟinne 'ran ráiḋteaċar seo. Is uaimse do fuair ó Dálaiġ a ġnáth d'ḟios aige i d-taoiḃ Dhonnċaḋa agus ní ḃfuair ré an ḟios seo uaim ná ó aon neaċ eile. Is cinnte, is ḋóiġ liom, gurḃ' ran mbliaḋain sin [1810] d'ḟág re Baile-uí-Mhaoċaláin, agus d'fan ré a-ḃfoċair a ṁuintire an feaḋ do ṁair ré 'na ḋiaiḋ sin. Bhí re gan naḋarc tamall de ḃliaḋantaiḃ ruil d' ḟág ré tiġ Shéamuis Bháin, agus do b'éigean dó croiḟin do ḃeiṫ aige mar ṫaca ag riuḃal. Acṫ bí na h-uġdair Laiṫne aige de ġlain-ṁeaṁair. Da Laiṫneoiriḋe an triur Paorać, agus ó Dhonnċaḋ fuarḋadar an ḟoġlaim ar mbeiṫ 'na ḋall dó. Atá ré adhlaiċṫe i reilig an Bhaile-nuaiḋ láiṁ le Coill-ṁic-Thomáirín, gan fiu na leice ór a ċionn.

26. John O'Daly says that Donough was going about begging alms in the year 1810, and that he himself paid some of the alms tribute. There is not a word of truth in this report. From me O'Daly learned all he knew about Red Donough, and he did not learn that from me, nor from anyone else. It is certain, I believe, that it was in that year he left *Baile-ui-Mhaothaláin*, and that he remained with his family after that till his death. He lost his sight a few years before he left James Bawn's, and he had to use a crutch as a support in walking. But he knew the Latin authors by heart. The three Powers were Latinists, and from Donough they had this learning when he was blind. He is buried in the church yard of Newtown, near Kilmacthomas, without even a stone to mark his grave.

XXVIII. Acᵗ ıʀ ʀceul áᵭaıʀ le n' aıᵭıʀ ʒo ᵭʀuaıʀ ʀé báʀ aıᵭʀıʒıʒ. Doᵭ' ᵮeaʀ ᵭıoıᵭ-ᵭeaᵭa aʒuʀ ᵭıoıᵭ-ᵭeuʀ é maʀ ᵭo ċoncamaʀ, aʒuʀ ıʀ ᵭóıʒ náʀ leaʒ ʀé a ʒlún ı laᵭaıʀ ʀaʒaıʀt ó ᵭíᵭʀeaᵭ aʀ an ʒ-coláıʀte é. Aʀ mbeıᵭ ᵭó ı mBaıle-uí-Mhaoᵭaláın ᵭo ᵭáınıʒ ʀaʒaʀt óʒ ʒuʀ an ᵭ-paʀáıʀte, an ᵭ-Aᵭaıʀ Ruʒʀaıᵭe Paoı., ᵭeaʀᵭʀáᵭaıʀ aᵭaʀ, nó ʒaoı éıʒın ᵮoʒuʀ ᵭ'Eaʀᵮoʒ ʃó oıʀʀíᵭneaċ Phoʀᵭláıʀʒe. "A ᵭean-a'-ᵭıʒe," aʀ Doᵭnċaᵭ lá áıʀıᵭe le n-a ʀáıʒıʀᵭeaʀ "ıʀ cıoʀ ᵭam ʒuʀ ᵮeaʀ maıᵭ an ᵭ-Aᵭaıʀ Ruʒʀaıᵭe, ᵭo ᵭʀéıᵭıʀ ᵭá laᵭaʀᵮá leıʀ, ʒo n-éıʀᵭeaᵭ ʀé mé." Do laᵭaıʀ ʀí leıʀ, aʒuʀ ᵭ'éıʀt ʀé é; aʒuʀ aʀ ᵮeaᵭ ʀaoʒaıl Doᵭnċaᵭa ó ᵮoın amaċ ᵭo ᵭí ʀe aʒ ʀıleaᵭ na nᵭeoʀ aıᵭʀıʒe. Aᵭuᵭaıʀt Séamuʀ Paoʀ lıom—an ᵭuıne ᵭoᵭ' óıʒe ıʀ ᵭóıʒ lıom, ᵭe ċloınn Shéamuıʀ Dháın ʒo ʒ-cluıntí Doᵭnċaᵭ aʒ ʒul aᵭʀaᵭ ʀan oıᵭċe ʒaċ am ó ᵮoın amaċ.

27. But it is a pleasant thing to tell that he died the death of a penitent. He was a man of evil life and of evil ways as we have seen, and it is probable he never bent a knee before a priest since the day he was expelled from College. When he was in *Baile-ui-Mhaothaláin*, there came a young priest to the parish, Father Roger Power, uncle or some near relation of the [late] Most Reverend Bishop of Waterford. "Good woman-of-the-house" said Donough one day to his hostess, "I hear that Father Roger is a kind man; maybe if you spoke to him, he would hear me." She did speak to him, and the priest did hear him, and from that forth, for the rest of his life, poor Donough was shedding tears of repentance. I was told by James Power—the youngest I think of the sons of James Bawn—that Donough was often heard after that weeping far into the night.

XXVIII. Dob' fíp-file Donnċaḋ Ruaḋ Mac-Conmara gan aṁrar — ḋéanpaḋ "Dán-ċnoic Éipeann óig'" po do ḋeiṁniugaḋ, dá mbéiḋeaḋ pé gan aon pann eile do pcpíobaḋ le n-a pé; acc ip anaṁ do ċuz pé am dó féin ċum a ḋánta do ḋéanaṁ mín nó blapda; agup map bápp aip pin do bí de ḋpoċ-ḃlap na h-aimpipe go d-tugaḋaoip na piliḋe iomarca a n-aipe ap poclaiḃ peaċt-miollaḋ, ap pozain agup ap gliogap—gid naċ cionntaċ Donnċaḋ Ruaḋ leip na loċtaiḃ po ċoṁ mór le cuid eile d'filiḋiḃ na Muṁan. Ip pceul píop pór gurb' é Donnċaḋ d'fág píol léiginn na Gaeḋilge i g-cóntae Phoipt-láipge agup b'féidip pan teopainn, i gcóntae Chopcaige 'p i gcóntae Chille-Chainnig—pe pin le' rád dob féidip gurb' ó'n dpoing do ṁúin pé, d'fozlaim Séamup ó Scuipiḋ agup Uilliam mac Uilliaim agup Seagan ó Maċgaṁna; agup gid gup copa-

28 Red Donough was a true poet beyond all doubt—his "Fair Hills of Holy Ireland," would sufficiently prove this, if he had never written another verse in all his life: but he seldom gave himself time to make his poems smooth or sweet; and besides that, such was the bad taste of the period that the poets gave too much of their attention to seven-syllabled words, to sound, and to jingle—though Red Donough was not so guilty of these faults as others of the poets of Munster. It is a fact also that it was Donough that left the seed of Gaelic learning in the county Waterford, and perhaps on the borders—in the counties of Cork and Kilkenny—that is to say, it may be from some of those he taught, that James Scurry and William Williams and John O'Mahony learned; and

mail gur fág filidhe na h-aimsire sin ar an ngaedhilg cuid den droch-mear do chuilleadar féin le n-a ndroich-dheuladh, is cinnte ar an taobh eile gur b' é Donnchadh Ruadh agus filidhe a chom-aimsire ar mó do chongaibh an teanga ar marchain san ochtmhadh aois deug.

Beatha Dhonnchadha Ruaidh go huige so.

though it is probable that the poets of that period left on the Irish language some of the reproach they had earned for themselves by their evil ways, it is certain on the other hand that it was Red Donough, and the poets of his time, who did most to keep the language alive in the eighteenth century.

Thus far the Life of Red Donough.

eactra ɜiolla an amaráin.

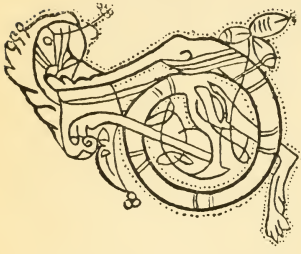
ADVENTURES OF A LUCKLESS FELLOW.

eaċtra Ġiolla an amaráin.

Le Donnċaḋ Ruaḋ Mac Conmara.

an ċeud roinn.

In a n-aiṫriġeann an file cruas a ċinneaḿna, mar ba h-i coḿairle ar ar ċinn ré dul go Sacsana Ruaḋ, an t-ullḿuġaḋ do ġinne ré agus a imṫeaċt ó Éirinn.



O ġiarfainn rceol dom' ḋoḿarra ar aon ruD,
1 m-briaṫraiḃ beoil do b' eol do ċeudaiḃ,
Ar Bhruan Boroiḿe ar ṙlóġ na Féinne
Ar Ċlar ḿic Lóḃuir ḿóir ar Mhaoġnuir! 4

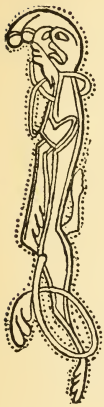
Nir ċóra dam teaċt tar ġleas d'á raoḋar
'Ná ar nuaḋaċt do bain dam dearcaḋ ant-raoġail,
De bruġ go rabar-ra gann fá ġréiṫe
'S gur ṙriṫ go fann-laġ dream na h-Éireann,
Gan ċior, gan ċoḃair, aċt rrionnrar bréiġe,
D'á rnaoiḋeaḿ le feall, le cam, le h-éiṫeaċ. 10
B' é múnaḋ rcoile doḃ' oḃair dom' laeċiḃ
'Sa rún don ṗobul gur b' ṗolaḿ an ċéirD rin—
Nuair ṫugaḋ mo ḋoḿarrain cóir ar ġleur dam
Ghnioḋinn cuideaċta ar rróṙt ó'n nóin go ċéile,
Nir ċruinniġ mé ór ná rtór ar aon ċor
Aċt an rcilling do ġeoḃainn d'ól go h-eurcaiḋ?

Literally: I could serve [out] a story to my neighbour on any subject, In words of mouth that would be known to hundreds, About Brian Boru, about the host of the Fenians, About the followers of the great MacLobus and of Magnus! [But] it were not juster for me to treat of some of their work, Than of events that happened to myself (though) the last in the world, For [indeed] I was scant of treasure, And the people of Ireland [in general] were found weak, dejected.

ADVENTURES OF A LUCKLESS FELLOW.

By Red Donough Macnamara.

PART THE FIRST.



In which the poet relates the hardness of his lot, how he decided to go to America, the preparations he made, and his departure from Ireland.

'D weave a story for my neighbours
Of deeds of yore, the glorious labours
Of mighty MacCool well-proved in daring,
Or of Brian Boru, e'er true to Erin !
But such old tale were now not meeter
Than strange events I, luckless creature
Have lately seen—I, nameless, powerless,
Though nowise worse than thousands dowerless
Of Erin's race, now plagued and plunder'd.
Defrauded, bann'd, from lands long sundered.
Long days I spent in dreary teaching
With never a hope of fortune reaching,
By kindly neighbours oft invited
With jest and joke I them delighted—
On gold or gear I rarely ponder'd,
But the shilling I earn'd in drink I squander'd !

---

9. Literally: Without income, without help, (having nothing) but wealth unreal, ground down by fraud, injustice, perjury. It was teaching school was the work of my days—and the people know what an empty [poor] trade that is—When my neighbours would give me a fair opportunity and means, I used to make fun and sport from one evening to another, I never gathered gold or store anyhow, But the shilling I gained I would quickly spend.

San oiḋċe am' luiġe 'ṡuṙ mé am' aonaṙ 17
Ḃhíoṙ ṙealaġ ṙmaoineaḋ aṙ aoiḋe an t-ṙaoġail ṙo
Aṙ ċaiṫeaṁ mo ḃeaḋa, ġan eaṙṙaḋ, ġan euḋaċ,
'Sġo mḃ' ṫeaṙṙa ġo ṙaḋa ḃeiṫ tamall maṙ ṁaoi
ḃeaġ 20
Aġ-coṁaiṙ na ġ-capall nó aġ caṙtaḋ na cṙé ṙeal.
Nó óiġḃean ḋeaṙ ḋo ġlacaḋ maṙ ċéile,
Nó ṙóṙ ḋá ṙaċainn aṙ talaṁ na h-Éiṙeann
Ġo mḃ'eol ḋam ṙealaḋ ḋo ċaiṫeaṁ am' ċléiṙeaċ,
Ġo ṙaċainn ṙa ṙeol ṙe ṙeoiṫne aṙ ṙéiḋeaḋ
Ġo Sacṙana Nuaḋ máṙ ḋóiġ ġo mḃ' ṙéiḋiṙ ! 26
Iaṙḋ-teaċt ḋon ṁaiḋin ḋo ḃṙeaḃaṙ ġo h-euḋṙom
Aṙ mo leaḃaiḋ le taiṫneaṁ an ṙcéil ṙin,
Ḋeiṙim aṙ ḃaṫa 'ṙ ní ṙtaḋṙainn aṙ aon ċoṙ
Ḃhí ṙeiṙc in mo hata ḋon ḃṙaiṙḋon aṙ ṙaoḃaṙ aiṙ. 30
Ḋo ċuiṙ mé ṙlán léṁ' ċáiṙḋiḃ in aenṙeaċt,
'Saġ cuiḋ níṙ ṙáġḃáṙ ṙlán le ṙoiṙéiġḋon,
Dá ġ-caṙṙaḋ ḋam áṙṫaċ ḋ'ṙáġail in Éiṙinn,
Ḋo ṙaċainn taṙ ṙáile in áiṫ náṙ ḃaoġal ḋam
Ḃheiṫ am' ṙtṙóiṁṙe aġ taṙṙaiṁṫ aṙ ḃaile ġaċ
ṙméiṙle
Nó aġ ól ḃainne i ḋ-tiġ Mhaoilṙeaċlainn ui
Mhaonaiġ ! 36

17. Literally : At night, lying (down) and I alone, I was a while thinking of this world's state, of the spending of my life without riches or raiment, and that it would be far better to be a while as a petty servant [labourer] Guiding the horses or shovelling out clay (for) a turn, Or to take a handsome young woman for a wife, Or even if I should go from Erin's land, That I knew how to spend a while as a clerk, That I would go under sail with a breeze blowing, To America, if likely it were possible !

One night as I in bed lay musing,
Sad thoughts I had of the world's ill-using,—
How life to me was joyless, hopeless,
Unhonour'd my trade, ill-paid, and scopeless—

'Twere better to delve—my load 'twould lighten,
And marry a wife, my life 'twould brighten,
Or should I resolve on Erin leaving,
A clerkship I'd seek and feel no grieving!
Forthwith my mind approved the notion
To sail for America over the ocean!

When morning dawned I leap'd up lightly
Out of my bed, now hopeful, sprightly,
I dressed—then grasped my stick with gladness,
My hat I donned with joyous madness,
Farewell I bid to my friends ere leaving,
—To some, I own, with no great grieving—
For once beyond the ocean landed
I'd feel no fear of e'er being branded
As idle wretch whose bitter pain is

To drink sour milk at Malachy Meany's!

---

27. The morning having come I leaped lightly Out of my bed with the pleasure of that thought, I grasp a stick and I would not stop on any account. My hat was perked (up) in the fashion, with an edge on it. I bid farewell to my friends together, And to some I said good-bye with no great effort. If it happened to me to meet a vessel leaving Ireland, I would go over the sea to a place where there would be no fear of being an intruder when drawing up to the house of every churl, or (having) to drink milk at Malachy O'Meany's!

Bíoð a ṡíor aʒ an talaṁ 'ran maiṫiḃ ʒeal ṖaorṪaċ
A liaċt beaṫa, min-earrað aʒur ʒréiṫṗe
Do ṫuʒ an pobul i bṗoċair a ċéilé
Chum mo ċoṫuiʒṫe i ʒ-coʒað nó i rṗéiriinn— 40
Stóṗ naċ ʒ-caillṗeað ruim de laeṫiḃ,
Ar cóṗṗa doiṁin a d-toillṗinn féin ann;
Do bí reaċt b-ṡiċid uḃ ciṗce ʒur eunla ann
Le h-aʒaiḋ a n-iṫṫe ċoṁ minic 'r baḋ ṁéin liom—
Cṗóca ime do dinʒeað le raoċar
Ar rṗólla roille ba ṫṗoime 'ná déarṗainn,
Bhí tuilleað ar naoi ʒ-cloča de ṁin ċoiṗce
ʒlain-ċréiṫeaṗṫa ann
Re dṗíodar ná loiṗde 'r iad cṗoiṫṫe le ċéile,
Lán an baṗaille do b'ṡeaṗṗa bí in Éiriinn
De ṗṫátaoiḃ deaṗʒa air eaʒla ʒeur-bruiḋ'— 50
Do ṫuʒar caʒ leanna ann do larrað le réideað
'S do ċuiṗṗeað na maiṗḃ 'na mbeaċa dá mb' ṡéidir—
Do bí aʒam *jackets* ċoṁ ʒarṫa le h-aen-neaċ
Aʒur léinteaċa bneaca ʒo baṗraiḃ mo ṁeuṗa,
Leaba 'ʒur cluḋa i ʒ-ciuṁair a ċéile
Ceanʒailte ar ḃṗóm mo ṫṗónc le teudaiḃ— 56

37. Literally: Be it known to the land and the fair chiefs of the Powers, The amount of provisions, small wares and (other) goods The people brought me, gathered together, To support me in war or battle—A store that a number of days would not affect, And a deep chest in which I myself could fit.—There were seven score hens'-eggs, and (eggs) of other fowls in it, to be eaten as often as I should like. A crock of butter that was packed with exertion, And a piece of bacon that was heavier than I could say—

Throughout the five great Fifths of Erin
Let all men know the princely faring
The people gave me open-handed
To carry me o'er the sea till landed—
A store for a month—to me right pleasing!
A great deep chest I'd rest at ease in—
Of eggs seven score it held, no boasting,
For frying or boiling, poaching, roasting—
A crock of butter packed full tightly,
A piece of bacon fine and sightly,
Nine stone of oatmeal clean-sifted,

No joke of a load for him who lifted—
A barrel there was of the best then growing
Of red potatoes, Munster's sowing,
A keg of good ale—all hail who brew so!
'Twould liven the dead, if aught could do so—
The neatest of jackets I had in plenty,
Of new check shirts I owned full twenty—
Good bedding the best that Cork afforded
On the top of my trunk securely corded—

---

47. Literally: There was more than nine stone of oaten meal clean sifted with the scrapings of the kneading-trough all shaken together. A barrelful of the best in Ireland Of red potatoes for fear of hard times—I brought a keg of ale that would brighten with blowing, And that would put life into the dead if that were possible—I had jackets as neat as anyone (could wish), And check shirts to the tips of my fingers, bed and bedclothes bound (up) together (And) tied on the top of my trunk with cords.

Dhí bróga irtiġ ann, dí *wig* ar béabar
Agus rtór mar rin anoir nach ndéanfad!
Go Port-láirge don rtáir rin téidim-re
Chomh fanránta le Conán na Féinne,
Glacaim mo lóirdín, bórd dá feurta
A broċair na h-ógmná ba ċóraiġe in Éirinn—
Do bí rí fáilteaċ fáinneaċ, tréiteaċ,
Ba ċaoin, dear, fárta an *drawer* le glaodaċ í,
Gaċ rórt d'a d-tagad a dlairead ní feunfad,
D'inneórad eaċtra, rtaitċe 'gur rceul duit,
Ní glacfad rí fala ná fearġ go h-eug leat
—Fad bhaiċfead rí aiġead agad ar aon ċor!
'S i g-cúrra mná ní thráċtaim féin air—
Aċt cúig mo ġáire fáċ a rméide.
Do rinn' rí mo ċlú da m'b'fhiu mo faodar
Chuiread rí am' ċúl-ra púdar glé-geal—
Dhiodh deoċ ar maidin 'rmé am leaba d'á gleur
dam
Ó donn go dadar 'rí dearuiġ go léir mé.
Da mór é m'iongantar a roineandaċt féile
Ar cruar a muime ċum pinginne d'éiliodh,

57. Literally: There were shoes within it, a wig and a beaver, and (other) store like that, that I will not say now.

To Waterford on that business I go, as stoutly as Conán of the Fenians, I take my lodging, board and feasting, At the house of a young woman the fairest in Ireland—She was generous, ringleted, accomplished, A gentle, neat, handy drawer she was to call, every sort that came she would not refuse to taste, She would tell you adventures, stories and tales—

I had shoes and wig and brand-new beaver.
With money *go leor*—I'm no deceiver!
For Waterford city I proudly started
Bold as a Fenian old, high-hearted,
My lodgings took at an inn most cosy
Where served a young maid bright and rosy,
Her ringlets fair, her face still fairer,
Pleasant she smiled when of liquor the bearer
To sip she ne'er was loth, invited,
And many a tale for me recited,
Offence at jest she ne'er took gravely,
—At least while I was spending bravely!
Of a woman's ways I'll speak no longer—
Her love for me with time grew stronger,
I gained her heart, it seemed, completely—
She'd powder my hair each day so neatly—
A drink she'd bring before my rising,

E'en helped to dress me, more surprising!
But whilst I found her sweet and civil
Her mother for meanness beat the devil—

---

67. Literally: She would never take offence or be angry with you—Whilst she noticed money with you at any rate! Of the way of a woman I do not myself treat, But the cause of laughter to me was a reason for her to smile—She made my fame, if it were worth my trouble—She would put in my hair fair white powder, There was a drink in the morning prepared for me whilst still in bed. From head to foot she dressed me entirely. Great was my surprise at her hospitable civility (contrasted with) The stinginess of her mamma in demanding every penny—

Ní mhaitheadh a máthair cáirt ná bhraon dam
Acht caithfeadh sí an táibhle d'fágail gan plé
uaim!
D'fanas 'na h-feighil sin suim de laethibh
As feitheamh ar loing do thabhach ar Éirinn—
Bhí captaoin Allen, fear meanmnach aerach
As teacht thá'n mbaile, 'r níor h-fada gur réidheas
leis.
Gleusaim orm go h-obann le héirghe
Mé féin ar mo chortas ar rodas in aenfheacht.
Téidhim don Pharáirse ar Sheathán le cairréire
Agus ualach sceadán am' mheadhachan ar thaobh de.
Do chuaidh mo chórsa ar bórd go h-eurcaidh
Bhí uairle an phóirt as ól gan traochadh ann,
Fiafruighid go h-aibidh an labhraim Deurla
Ar d'feudar a bhfeagairt i Lairdin air eigion.
Níor b'fhuláir dam m'ainm do thabairt don chléireach
Ar Macnamara chuir tairrna 'san *daybook*—
Dob' éigean mo chórsa sheoladh ar thaobh thíom
'Smé as déanadh ceoil ar shróirt san *state-room*.

---

77. Her mother would not forgive me a quart or drop, But she should get the reckoning without any excuse from me.

I remained in their care for a number of days, waiting for a ship that would go from Ireland—Captain Allen, a spirited and hearty man, Was coming up to the town, and it was not long till I settled with him. I equip myself quickly, with hot haste, Myself and my stores trotting off together. I go to Passage on a carman's hack, with a load of herrings balancing me on the other side.

Each dram and drop she'd put in the statement,
And the score she'd have without abatement!

With these I dwelt and in their caring
Awaiting a vessel would sail from Erin,
Till Captain Allen, so gallant and gracious,
Arrived in Waterford's harbour spacious.

To terms we came, I hurried *instanter*
And brought my baggage away in a canter
On a carman's *garran* I'd hired that morning—
A load of fresh herrings as balance not scorning—
My trunk being stowed quite to my thinking,
In cabin I found the gentry drinking—
"Do you speak English?" they asked me early,
And in Latin I managed to tell them fairly.
The clerk from me my name demanded
And wrote it down in style bold-handed,
And now I felt quite free and hearty,
I soon was happy amusing the party!

---

87. Literally: My trunk went [=was taken] on board quickly. The gentry of the port-wine were drinking without ceasing there, They inquire promptly if I speak English and I could answer them in Latin with some trouble. [It was necessary for me=] I was obliged to give my name to the clerk, and *Macnamara* he put down across the day-book. I had to have my trunk [directed] brought to my side whilst I was singing and making fun in the state-room.

Scaoiltear reolta ar nóin do Phoebus
Do bí Aeólus leó agus Téitis—
Sciunid de ṁéad amaċ ran tseun-ṁuir
Go noruiḃid a-ḃfad i d-teas na gréine.
Níor b'fada gur goill ar ċloinn rin Mhaognuis
An faitge doiṁin agus fadarc na rséise—
Dhí beaċa gan roinn ag Taḋg ó Laogaire
'Sní bliarfeaḋ re gréim le treigid ná bruan dí,
Dhí Caoilte ó Caoiṁ ag caoineaḋ a ċéile,
'Sní ḃ-fuigeaḋ re faoiseaṁ ag caoi ar aon ċor,
Dhí Seadar ó Duḃda i g-cúinne 'na aonar
Ar é ag úrṡlugan ar ṡúra le féidlim,
Dhí Geaṁalt o Doġair ar flann ḋá d-taoiseaḋ,
Ar Caṫal ar Conn a' planncaḋ a ċéile—
Dhí Cairḃre ar Geaṁóid ar Tiobóid ar raoḋar
Ag tarraing mo ṗlocóid' in onóir na rsléibe!
Dhí Seagan ó Troigtig gan roide d'a ṫraoċaḋ
Ar treagaid 'na goile ag cur air le géire—
Do ḋeaṁḃuig Diarmuid gar ar raoḃar air
Naċ maiṁeaḋ a d-truan le tuaill ar Éiṁinn!

---

95. Literally: The sails are spread at sunset, Æolus was with them (favoured them) and Thetis, They spring at a leap out into the mighty sea, Until they draw far into the heat of the sun. [But] it was not long till the deep sea and the sight of the sky told upon [affected] those sons of Magnus—Theigue O'Leary had his food undivided [untouched], And he could not taste a bit or a drop of it with the colic—

103. Keelty O'Keeffe was lamenting his wife, Nor could he find relief at all in weeping, Peter O'Dowd was in a

U.S.

Our sails were spread, no ship went braver,
For wind and wave were both in our favour,
Over the sea our vessel now bounded
And soon had the isles of Carbery rounded.
Ere many days we'd passed on ocean,
These sons of Magnus felt dire commotion—
There was Theigue O'Leary with food untasted,
A colic severe his strength had wasted—
Keelty O'Keeffe in grief for Sheela,
Without relief crying "Murder *as meela !*"
Peter O'Dowd from crowd retiring
On Felim's blanket sank as expiring,
Of sailing O'Dower felt sick in this one test,
While Cahal and Conn had a blackthorn contest—
Carbry and Garrett, my ale-keg hugging,
Had drawn my bung, and my beer were slugging !
Poor Shawn O'Trehy, to sickness sad victim—
His stomach's complaints did sore afflict him—
Old Dermot he groaned and moaned, despairing
That third of their number would ever see Erin !

---

corner alone, Spewing freely over a blanket of Felim's, Gerald O'Dower and Flann were getting exhausted, Whilst Cahal and Conn were hammering each other. Carbry and Garrett and Toby were hard at work, Drawing my bung in honour of the revel !

111. Literally: Shawn O'Trehy was in the mire quite overcome, a gripe in his stomach sorely afflicting him. Dermot declared with anguish that a third of them would not live to go (back) to Ireland.

Sin mar ċaiṫeaḋar tamall go taomnaċ
Bṡúiḋṫe, fad-tuirseaċ, tnéarcaiṫe, tnaoċta,
Ar bioḋ ar m'anam ma ba ċaire ḋam féin é,
Sinte tarrna ċoṁ ainḋeir le h-aenneaċ.
O'fanar am'ṁarc gan ṗread, gan faoṫaṁ
Mar ḃéiḋeaḋ rac, gan fead, gan ġlaoḋ 'nam— 120
Mo ċneaċ fada! níp ṁaġaḋ ba ṁéin liom,
Ba mé an cleas marġaiḋ nó an lartnam aonaiġ—
Aċt bacann an náire tnáċt ar éigeart
Airiog mo ṡláinte go noeárnaiḋ mé air fad,
Ba ṁinic me d'a iarraiḋ ar Dhia d'a mb'féidir,
Stoirm d'ár b-fiaraḋ aniar go h-Éirinn!
D'feárr liom ná 'b-facar de ṁaiṫeas an t-saoġal so
O'fáġail gé'r b-'fairrinġ 'sa raib i dtairce as
Croéruṗ
'S ná 'n lomraḋ óiḋa do ṫóġ mac Aéḋon
Ná rocar na Scótaċ ar mór-Dháilnéada, 130
'S dá b-fáġainn san imirt an finne-bean Déirdre
Lé'r caillead clann Cumaraċ Uirniġ 'na d-tnéine,
'S ná ar deaṁaid Seoirse i bFlóndras de ġnéiṫe
'S é as teiṫeaḋ ónanaṁaid go hAnóḃar air éigion. 134

Thus they spent a while, sick, bruised, wearied, beaten down, overcome, And be it on my soul, if I were any better myself—Stretched across, as wretched as any one. I remained like an ox, without a kick, without rest, As a sack would be, without a whistle or a cry in me.—

121. My lasting ruin! it was not joking I meant, I was the laughing stock of the market, or the fool of the fair—But shame forbids [me] to treat of the wrong (I endured), Till I received my health back in full, 'Twas often I was asking God, if it were possible, That a storm might turn us back to Ireland!

Thus many a day they lay all dreary,
Batter'd and bruised, depressed and weary,
Nor was I myself one with the brighter,
My troubles internal no way lighter—
Stretched like an ox I lay without motion
Speechless, mute, 'twixt sky and ocean!
My grief to say it! no joke I meant it,
But I was a laughing stock, could not resent it—
'Tis shame withholds my woes' recounting,
Till health returned, all perils surmounting,
Yet often I'd prayed might heaven defend us,
And back to Ireland quickly send us!
For this had given me sweeter pleasure
Than if I'd gained all Crœsus treasure,

And if I'd gained that fleece all golden
That poets describe in stories olden,
And with them the spoils of Reeda's warriors
From Albin's vales, despite her barriers,
With all King George forsook in Flanders
Fleeing for life to his loved Dutchlanders!

I should have preferred that to getting all that I had ever seen of this world's wealth though it were abundant, and all there was in the treasury of Crœsus, to the golden fleece that the son of Æson took away, To the gains of the Scots and the great race of Reeda—

131. Literally: Even though I should win in the game the fair-woman (beauty) Deirdre, Through whom were lost the brave sons of Usna in their might—and to all the wealth that (King) George left behind him in Flanders, When fleeing from the enemy, escaping to Hanover.

A ndeirim do tabairfainn mar malairt le
duidheacar
Ar beit fan mbaile nó i g-calad-port éigin,
Ar beit fan mBarúntacht am' neartughadh roimh
Shaedealaib,
A' reic mo ceathamhan, nó ag fmachtughadh mo threudha,
Nó in aice an t-fagairt tughadh teagarc go réimh dam,
Ar blaire na leanna go fairring, gan éiliomh— 140
Nó in fan g-Cill ón t-fuim go céile
No ag bhfaraireacht le Peadar ó Cinnéide
No i mBaile-Sheoirse i g-comhgar an t-reimhir
Richteard bán do b' feárr de fhaoiltiugh—
Nó in fan g-Cheatlaigh mar a g-cleachtaid mo ghaolta
I mearc Clainne-Cuiléin ba dheacair le thaobadh
Nó i Luimneach na g-cuirm fos Sionainn na g-caolbharc
Áit ar fluigear go minic na piontaidh mo dhaoine—
Nó ar Shliabh gCeal g-Cua fuig buaidh na péile
Ag fiar lucht' duanta, drughadh, agus cleireach, 150
I b-fochair ui Mhoghláin fonn-áird, léigeanta
Do dhéanfadh fean-dán or cionn cláir m'eugsa—
Ceud nidh fairir nach d-tagann am' beul-fa
Deir do chleachtann lucht fad-tuirre in éigion! 154

All I (here) say I would have given in exchange gratefully to be at home or in some (safe) port. Or to be in the Barony, growing strong amongst my fellow Gaels, Selling my trenchers or keeping my little flock in control, Or beside the priest who used kindly to give me instruction, and a taste of the ale, plentifully, without charge—

141. Or in Old Kill from one time to another, Or chatting with Peter O'Kennedy, Or in Georgestown near the gentleman, Fair Richard, who was the best of the Powers—Or in Cratloe where my kindred dwell, Amongst

Were all these mine I'd give them gladly

For safety at home, though faring sadly—
At home in the Barony—often my shielding—

Selling small wares, or my ferula wielding,
Near the good priest, the gentle adviser
Who ne'er with his gear or his beer was a miser,
Or away in Old Kill, where at will I could ramble
With Peter O'Kennedy, ramble or gamble—
In Georgestown where I once delighted
Brave Richard Power, nor e'er was slighted—
Or over in Cratloe, in Clare's own county
Clan-cullen's home, e'er famed for bounty—
In Limerick city by the fair barqued Shannon,
Whose walls still tell of the Dutchman's cannon,
In bright Slieve Gua, the generous handed
Where priests and poets my tales demanded—
Or with William O'Moran for song e'er famous,
Who'd sing our *caoine* when death o'ercame us—
These and a hundred thoughts came o'er me
As in similar case with men before me.

Clan-Cullen who were hard to subdue, or in Limerick of the feasts on Shannon of the graceful barques—Where I often drank pints to my satisfaction—Or in bright Slieve Gua that won the palm for hospitality, ministering to poets, seers and clergy—

151. Literally: Along with O'Moran distinguished for song, learned, who would make a poem in the old style over my death-bed—A hundred things besides that do not come to my lips now, A way that is customary with wearied folk in distress.

In a d-tráċtar ar Aoibill na Carraige léiṫe d'á bṗeiṫ léi ṡur an áit le a ṁáiṫeam, *Elysium*, ar ṡaċ naḋaṁ d'á bṗeaċaiḋ ann, aṡur ar a ċaraḋ a Baile.

ISTIÓ tamall ṡo n-aiṫṗiṁ
ṗceul ḋaoiḃ
Ar tar éis na ṗṗainne ṡeallaim
naċ bṗeuṡ ṁin :
Ar lár mo ṁeaṁa ar m'
inṫinn tṁaoċta
Tháinig an t-siḋḃean ṁíonla,
ṁaoiḋa,
A cuaċa ṗeaoiṫe ríor ṡo ḟeur léi
'S a ṡṁuaḋ mar ċaor aṡ ruiḋeaṁ a ṗcéiṁe—
Air ḟíoṡair a pearṗann d'aiṫin mé air éiṡion
Aoibeall ċleaṗaċ na Carraige léiṫe!
Do ċuir ṁí láṁ ar ċlár laṡ m' euḋain
'S do ḟuṡ ṁí 'n-áiṁḋe ar m'áṁar féin mé—
Do ṫarraing an ḟáiḋ-ḃean ṁánla, leí mé
Ṡur ṗtaḋaḋ linn láiṁ le báinriṡ ṁéiḋṫiṡ.
D'aṁaṁcar uaiṁ a nṡluaiṗeaḋ ṡaoċ ar
Sceaċa ar a ḃṁuaċ leaṗ tuar ar ṁaoċ ṡlar,
D'ḟiorṗuiṡeaṗ ḃen ṗtáiḋ-ḃean báin-ċnir, ḃeuṗaiṡ
Cia an peaċṁán fáin 'naṁ b'áil léi mé ċur.

PART THE SECOND.

155. Listen a while till I tell ye a story, And (now) after the danger, I promise it is no invention. In the midst of my thoughts, whilst my mind was oppressed, There came the fairy woman, gentle, stately—Her tresses loose (hanging) down by her to the grass—

160. And her cheek like the berry, [proving] proclaiming her beauty—By the figure of her person, I recognised

PART THE SECOND.

In which the poet treats of Eevell of Crag-lea, and how she took him to the place called *Elysium*, of the sights he saw there and of his return home.

NOW list to my tale with keen attention,
And a marvel ye'll hear that's no invention:
Whilst I lay thinking, grieved and gloomy,
There came a gentle lady to me—
Her locks streamed loose to each wind blowing,
Her cheeks were fair, a bright glow showing,
And soon the figure I saw before me
I knew was Eevell's—her spell was o'er me!
Her palm she placed on my brow still aching
And raised me gently my hand then taking—
Away she draws me through airy spaces
Nor stops till me on a plain she places—
We enter'd a cave whence a wind was rushing—
Past heather and hawthorn quickly brushing—
Trembling I asked her why she had sought me
What lone land this to which she'd brought me!

---

with some difficulty, Eevell the powerful of Crag-lea! She placed her hand on my damp forehead, and carried me aloft away from where I was lying.

165. Literally: The gentle prophetess drew me with her, Till we stopped near a smooth plain—I beheld a cave whence a wind was rushing—Thorn bushes (were growing) on its upper brink and green heather—I inquired of the fair-skinned, courtly lady, In what forlorn wilderness did she intend to place me.

Do chuig rí fhreagraḋ airiġ go h-eurcair: 171
"Ná cuirfeaḋ beagaḃ ar biṫ fearg ná fhaoċ ort!
"Ná déan iongantas de neiṫiḃ an t-saoġal so
"Ná tréig mise go ḃ-fillir 'r ní baoġal duit—
"Radharc naċ ḃfuair fir Tuaṫ-Mhumhan ir léir go
"Dhfágair-se uaim-se ar luaṫ do fhaoṫair!"
Duailimíd i ngeiḃeal a ċéile
San uaim rin síos ar foillse an lae ġil,
Go ḃ-feacamar uainn ann cuanta ar ġeur-mhuir
Ar *Acheron* fuar as gluaraṫt taoḃ linn. 180
Seo an t-anaṫ 'na ngaḃann an ḃrong so d'eugann
Gaċ anam ar ramhailt i ngeall do daoiṫean,
Na milte ceann ḃí ann go deurfaċ
Naċ ḃ-fágaḋ duil anonn tar aḃainn le héiḋeaṫ— 184
Ní h-ionann mar ċuireann ó *Virgil* san Aéneid
Gurḃ' le h-uirfearḃa a g-cuirṫe ar an saoġal so
Aċt fróiġte ċaṫann le habairne a faoṫar
As ól 'r as carḃur go ḃ-fanaid gan aon fuid
Gan ċoḃaċan aca ná an leaṫ-phingin deiḋeanaċ
Le taḃairt don ċalaḋ muna ngiacaid mar ḋéirc í! 190

---

171. She quickly gave a prompt answer: "Let no incident frighten or anger thee—wonder not at the things of this world—Do not leave me till thou returnest—and (there will be) no danger to thee—

175. "A sight that the men of Thomond have never seen, it is clear that thou shalt get from me, and a reward for thy labour!" We strike away, our hands locked together, down into the cave by the light of the bright day, Till we saw there [from us=] in the distance shores and bitter water, And cold Acheron gliding beside us. This

At once the woman of wisdom speaking—
"There's nought to alarm in all we're seeking"
She said "no wonder at aught before thee,
"Stand close by me, no danger's o'er thee
"A sight to Thomond race ne'er granted,
"Thou'lt see, if still thy heart's undaunted!"
Down through the cave, the daylight leaving
We hastened together, my breast quick heaving,
And soon we reached the shores infernal
Where Acheron flows with wail eternal.
All men who die must face this river
And some pass o'er, nor seem to shiver,
Yet thousands are here, all tearful, wailing
Their prayer for a passage across unavailing
Not as the Roman poet pretendeth
The spirits of men unburied Jove sendeth—
But the shades of those who revell'd and feasted
And in this world their wealth e'er wasted,
Who sported and spent without cessation
And brought not a penny to pay portation!

---

is the way that all take who die, Every soul and shade that is condemned to forfeit [life on this earth]. Thousands there were there, all tearful, Who could not get a passage across over the river by payment [of their fare].

185. Literally: Not just as happens in Vergil's Æneid—That it is for want of burial in this world,—But the hosts that spend their earnings in revelry. Drinking and carousing till they [remain] are left without anything, without an obolus [with them] in their possession, or (even) the last halfpenny, To bring to the ferry, unless they get it [a halfpenny] as a charity!

'Sé ċluinim ó'á ɾáḋ aɡ luċt ɾáiṫḋe ar léiɡinn
Sur b'é ouine bí i mbáṫ ann Cháron méiɾɾceaċ,
Aċt oeiɾim-ɾe leó sur ṫóiḃ ar bɾeuɡ ɾin,
'S sur cleiṫiɾe móɾ oe ṗóiɾ na h-Eiɾeann
Do ċímíɾ i ɾean-ḃáṫ ó'á ṫiomáin ɡo ɾaoṫɾaċ—
An ṫíċɾeaḃaċ ɡaláṅṫa, Conán na Féinne!
Bhí cɾoiceann ouḃ ṗóiɾce aɾ a ṫóin maɾ euḋaċ
'S níɾ ḃeaɡ linn ɡo oeo maɾ ċoṁaiɾṫe an ṁéiṫ ɾin—
Ní ṫaḃaiɾɾeaḋ ɾe Sacɾanaċ taɾcalaḋ ɡan ɾéal ɡeal
'S ní laḃaiɾɾeaḋ oaoaṁ aċt Laiṫin nó Ɡaeḋilɡ! 200
'Nuaiɾ ċonnaiɾc ɾé Aoíḃeall bínn aɾ mé aice
Do ċɾoiṫ ɾe a ṁaoil 'ɾ ba ɾcíoɾṁaɾ a ṗeuċain,
Aouḃaiɾt, ɾaɾ ṫaɾṁ ɡo ɾeaɾɡaċ, ɾɾaoċoa,
"A ċɾúɾca ṁalluiɡṫe, a ċaile, 'ɾa ṁéiɾliɡ!
"Ir ṫána ṫuɡaiɾ-ɾe ouine i ɡ-cɾuṫ ṫaonna 205
"In áiṫ naċ o-ṫiɡeann aon ɾciollaḋ oon ċɾé aɾ
bíṫ—
"Ó'á mb'ɾiu liom muɾɾanṫaċt cumaiɾ oo ḋéanaṁ
"Do ɾúɾcainn ṫuɾa aɾ oo ɡiollа ɾaɾ aon leaṫ!"
"Fóil, a ċuɾaiḋ," aɾ an ṁioċaiɾ-ḃean ṁaoɾḋa
"Tóɡ oo ċuṫaċ aɾ ɡlac iomaɾca ɾéiḋṫiɡ— 210

It is it I hear said by speakers and readers, That the man who was in the boat there was weather-beaten Charon, But I tell them that that is untrue, And that it was a great whacker [sprung] from Ireland's race—

195. Whom we saw in the old boat, urging it with effort—The gallant (old) recluse, Conán of the Fenians! He was wearing a ewe's black fleece around his loins for clothing, And that much was enough for us for ever as a sign [to identify him]—He would take no Saxon over the ferry without a bright sixpence, Nor would he speak anything but Irish or Latin!

I've heard it said by poets and sages
That Charon was ferryman there these ages,
But I can give them some new information—
'Twas a slasher renown'd of the Irish Nation
We saw in the old boat, pulling right lustily,
Conán the Fenian, calling quite crustily—
A sheepskin woolly his rear protected
Sufficient to sign, though ne'er expected—
For no tongue but Irish or Latin he'd bearing,
And a Saxon sixpence should pay for his faring!
When Eevell he saw and me beside her,
He shook his bald pate and wildly eyed her,
Furious, fierce, like mad bull glaring,
He cried, "Thou cursed old beldam daring!
"How canst bring hither a human creature,
"Where none e'er saw man's face or feature?
"Were't worth my while, I tell thee roundly
"Thee and thy henchman I'd trounce right soundly!"
"Gently, O hero," said Eevell mildly,
"Spare thy rage and threaten not wildly—

When he saw the sweet-voiced Eevell, and me with her, He shook his bald head, and terrible was his look, and angry and enraged as a bull, he said: "Thou cursed (old) crust, virago, and thief!

205. Literally: "Daringly thou bringest one in human form Into a place where no atom of clay at all (ever) comes—If it were worth my while to exert my power, thee and thy gillie along with thee I would trounce!" "Gently, O champion," said the amiable and stately woman, "cast off thy rage, and take more gentleness—

"Duine fá buaidairt do fuair me i ngeur-bruid
"Don cineadh mór ar d'uairlib Éireann!"
Do rug an macám ar bárr mo meuma
Do chug re gáir ór árd ar béicead
Le fuaim a ghota do chitheadar rreurta
Do chualaid an chuinne é 'r cuir ifreann géim ar! 21

Téidheam tar rruchán 'ran g-cuaracán caol dub
Ar déanam an t-aitgeárr g'nuig cnocán beag aereac
Go ránganar anaige 'rair geataibe gan aon glar
Áit a rair mairtín ag glamaoil gan tnaocad.
Ni breug do *Virgil* adeir in a béarra
Gur b'é reo *Cerberus* teibead an péidheac,
'Na codlad bí ar ceart-lár an coráin 'rgan rae rin
Act roparnac pireán 'r é ag rrannán 'ra' péidhead.

Do rug an fear fóirneirt de póir gil na h-
Éireann 22
Go dub ar a rcórnac le fórra a geuga,
'Snín léig don maoma feacad ná rtaonad
Gur nitheaman tairir fa eagla ar ndaocain.
Nir fanad linn go barra an cnoic don péim rin
Mar ar rtadad linn a' macthnam 'ra' feuchain

A man in distress I have found, and in bitter bondage, Of the great race and of the nobles of Erin!" Then the hero seized me by the tops of my fingers, He gave aloud a shout and a roar, With the sound of his voice the heavens trembled, The round world heard it, And hell sent forth a groan!

217. We go over the stream in the narrow, black, curragh, And we make a short cut to a little airy hillock, Till we reached ways where there were gates without a lock, (And) where there lay a mastiff howling unceasingly,

" This man in distress I found, grief bearing,
" A man of the noble race of Erin ! "
Then grasped Conán my hand rejoicing
Gave forth a roar his rapture voicing,
The heavens it rent, like thunder it fell,
Earth's self did shake, and trembled hell!
Over the stream we passed together
And landed beyond with brighter weather—
A path we reached with a gateway gaping
Where a mastiff lay, all grim, mis-shapen,
The same that Vergil describes in his verses,
That Cerberus savage that man still curses—
But now he was sleeping, snoring, snorting,
His foul straw lair not ill assorting.
At once Conán ran up to seize him,

His throat he grasped and never did ease him,
Never allowed him twisting or turning
Till we were sure of our safety earning.
And soon we reached a hillock more airy
Whereon we rested our feet now weary,

No lie (is) what Vergil says in his verse, That this was Cerberus that declined (all) peace-making—Asleep he was in the very centre of the pathway, and nothing under him, but a litter of vetch-straw, whilst he was snorting and blowing.

225. Literally : The man of might of Erin's bright race seized (him) powerfully by the throat by the strength of his arms, Nor did he let the dog bend or shrink, Till we had run past him in terror enough. We did not stay till (we reached) the top of the hill in that course, where

Go bfeacamar uainn an fluag ar gac taob dinn
Ag tarraing 'ma g-cuairt 'fa fuagad a ceile—
Adubairt linn fuirde go n-innfeoc' eifeact
Ar contar dineac buidne ar beurd. 234
"Feuc-fa call uait clann *Gadēlus*,"
Ar fe "agur bannfiacht modh'ail na h-Eifeann!
"Ar feuc-fa mar leanaid an aicme ud 'na d-tfeinfid,
'Bainc bfeuthac ar talath d'a g-cartad 'f d'a
g-caochad—
"Ta'n fuaig ar an faidhe ag fil Feartra ar Feniuf
"Ar Thuatha Dé Danann d'a fcaipead ar d'a fceunad
"An bfeicin-fe Donn 'fa lann an faodhar
"Ag teilgean ceann i ngabhal a ceile?
"An b-feicin fin gnoidhe na Traoi 'f na Gréige
"*Hector* 'fa cloidheamh a' maoidheamh a laochair? 244
"An feanduine *Anchises* crion le léirce,
"A mac le n-caoidh 'fa finfear eachtach—
"'S an obair ud ag Romulus 'f ag Remur
"'Cur cloca-neirt ag coraint a feime! 248
"A g-cloirin an glor fo ag flog na n-éigear
"Ag feinm a g-ceoltha ar frofit ar fle aca? 250

---

we stopped to think and look around, And then we saw in the distance a host on each side of us, Drawing around and chasing each other—He told us to be seated till he should relate to us the meaning, And the true account of those peoples and their ways.

235. "See beyond the sons of Gādelus," said he, "and (also) the courtly daughters of Erin! And behold how they [the Gaels] follow yonder tribe, running with might, Pulling roots out of the earth to drive them away and to blind them—The men of Fenius Fearsa are cutting up [?] and routing the Divine Tribes of Danainn, scattering and

And here we saw far off hosts moving,
Chasing each other their prowess proving—
Then Conán at length bade us both be seated
Whilst of those hosts and their ways he treated.
"The sights thou seest now deeply ponder—
"Lo, the sons of Gael Glas yonder!
"Mark how they chase that host so quickly,
"They smite them, blind them, strew them thickly!
"Behold brave Donn his keen blade wielding
"Cuts down in rows his foes unyielding—
"And soon the Dananns of god-like genius
"Are scattered before the clans of Fenius!
"And here thou see'st the Greek host mounting,
"And Hector of Troy his deeds recounting—
"The old Anchises bent and hoary
"And generation famed in story—
"There Romulus and Remus raising
"Eternal walls for all men's praising!
"Hark the voices tuneful-sounding
"Of bards rejoicing, mirth-abounding!

---

terrifying them. Dost thou see Donn with his blade keen-edged, Flinging heads and legs together? Seest thou the valiant men of Troy and Greece—Hector with his sword, boasting of his deeds?

245. Literally: "The old man Anchises, feeble and hoary, His son by his side, and their famous generation—And yonder work (raised) by Romulus and Remus, Setting up massive stones to defend their dominion!

"Dost thou hear the voice of the host of the bards? Singing their songs, sporting and playing—Horace is

" Tá *Horace* ann a mealladh a fuilt *Mæcenas*
" 'S d'a ngearradh rin gan lagha ar bith le géire—
" *Ovid* 'na fuidhe ar binnre féin glair
" Ar nóta aige d'á rgríobh' go raoidheach cum Caesar
" *Juvenal* 'ra phionn-ran idir a meuraibh
" Ar domblar mar dubh aige ar géir-nimh—
" Aodh buidhe Mac Cuirtín ar Éirinn
" Ar é 'filidheacht go guidh-binn i ngaedhilig—
" A b-prionnra fuilt go ceannra, glic, d'a mbreugadh
" Ar fonn a guib go d'tabharfadh duine ón eug leir!
" A bhreicir na goill-fir as luighe read 'na n-aonluidh,
" 'S go mbeirid a g-cinn tar na *Cyclops* le céile?
" Atáid annrúd uc! truip na féinne!
" Go h-árdach, lúbach, lúthmar, léimneach—
" Uch, a Fhinn mhic Cumaill, a chú na m-béimeann
" Dá mairfinn-re ar tú 'nár ndúthaigh gaolmhair
" Do béarfamaoir fortacht do bhoithibh go caomhnach
" Ar cobhair agus forcadh don ollamhain léigeanta—
" Do thabharfamaoir a baile 'nír an fairaire mac Shéamuir
" 'Sbéirdh cobhair le n' agaidh in Albain nó meallad me féin leir!

there beguiling his delight, Mæcenas—And satirizing those (others) with sharpness and without sparing—Ovid sitting on a green grassy bank writing a note to Cæsar, while grieving—

255. " Juvenal [is there] with his pen between his fingers, gall and bitter poison (being) his ink, yellow Hugh Mac Curtin from Erin, versifying melodiously in Irish, Their delightful prince, gentle, skilful, charming them, The sweetness of his voice (such) that he could bring one from death with it !

"Horace is there his patron lauding
"Assailing some and some applauding—
"There Ovid is seen on bank reclining
"To Cæsar writing, with heart repining—
"Juvenal wields his pen censorious—
"For venom and gall to all notorious—
"And Hugh MacCurtin, bard from Erin,
"Sweetest of poets that e'er lived therein—
"Prince of them all, and all spell-holden
"With songs of the Gael in Gaelic golden!
"And note those wondrous men close-banded,
"Whose heads reach higher than Cyclop clan did—
"Ah, there thou see'st the Fianna famous
"In whose great times no foe o'ercame us—
"Oh, Finn son of Cool, the great and glorious,
"Where thou and I with our troops victorious
"In Erin again we'd succour the needy,
"The bards protect—restrain the greedy—
"We'd bring back home the gallant Prince Charlie
"And friends in brave Albin I'd promise him fairly!

"Dost thou see those strange men standing apart in one body, who carry their heads higher than the Cyclopes together? Ah, there are the troops of the Fenians, Famous, active, vigorous, bounding—

265. Literally: "Ah, Finn, son of Cool, oh glorious one of the blows! If thou and I lived (now) in our native country, We would give help and protection to the poor, And assistance and shelter to the learned *ollave*—We would bring home again the warrior-son of James, and there would be help for him in Scotland, or I have been mistaken!

"Maċtnuiġ-re Lúṫar ṫ' iompuiġ an ṫéaṁa,
"Ar Cailṽín 'na ċrúṗṫa aġ cuṽaṁ le méiṫeal,
"An ṫ-Oċtṁaṁ Hannraí 'ṗa ṽainṗíoġan taoṁ leir
"Cnoċta le ṗlaṽṗaiṁiṁ ar ṽṗannṗaiṁiṁ ṽaoṁa—
"Gaċ Sacranaċ ġaṽann an ṽall ro pleurcann
"An ceaṫṗar cam ro ṫ'iompuiġ an ċléiṁ uainn—
"Iaṁ ro tá rcaoilte 'r ṫo ċiṁiṁ gan aon ġlar
"Ṽéanṗar aṁíṗ go ṗíoġaċṫ Mhic Dé 'rteaċ!
"Imċiġ-re a ṽaile" ar an ṗaṗaire tneunṁar
"A ṽuine ro ṫagann maṗ ṫeaċṫaire ar Éiṗinn,
"Ni ṗaṁa ṽéiṁ ṗíolṗaṁ mín, taiṗ Sheámuiṗ
"Fá ċeannaṗ an ṗíġ tá 'ṁíṽiṗṫ Gaeṁil-ṗear,
"Go n-éiṗeóċaiṁ plannṫa ṁe ṗean-tṁioċt Éiṁiṗ
"Do ṽéanṗaiṁ concaṗ maṗ ġeall ar éiġeaṗt,
"Do ṽainṗiṁ an ċoṗóin ṁen ċóiṗ 'na éiṗiċ
"'S ṫo leanṗaiṁ go ṁeo ṁe ṗóiṗ Mhiléṗiuṗ!
"Seaċain an t-oiċ ṫo loiṫ ṗíol Éaṁa aiṗ ṗaṁ,
"Gaṁ paiṁiṗ ar tṗorcaṁ ar cnoṗ Mhic Dé oṗṫ,
"Ṁí ṁéiṗceaċ, caṗṫanaċ, ar laṗaṁ le ṫaonnaċt
"Ar ṗéim na ṁ-plaċaṗ ṫo ġeaṁaiṗ máṗ ṗéiṁiṗ!

"Behold (there) Luther who changed the age, And Calvin crusted, frothing with fatness—The Eighth Henry and his queen beside him, hung with chains from malefactors' gibbets—

275. "Each Protestant that passes this spot strikes the wicked four who turned the clergy from us, But these who are released, and whom thou seest unfettered, Will be taken hereafter into the kingdom of God's Son!

"Go thou home," said the mighty warrior, "O man who comest as messenger from Erin—Not long shall the refined, gentle race of James be under the power of the

"See Luther there, and spare thy loathing,
"And Calvin crusted, with fatness frothing,
"Henry the Eighth and his queen beside him,
"All hanging in chains, with nought to hide them—
"Each Protestant passing those gibbets in sadness—
"Strikes the vile four with a vengeful madness—
"But those thou see'st unfettered, in freedom,
"An angel hereafter to heaven shall lead them!
"And now return from this fearsome faring
"And take this message from me to Erin—
"Not long the Gael, e'er famed for bravery
"Shall crouch to a foreigner king in slavery,
"Till a prince of Heber's race most royal,
"Shall right dear Erin as son most loyal,
"He'll snatch the crown from the clown doth bear it
"And Erin e'ermore on her brow shall wear it!
"Shun all wrong-doing, the ruin of nations,
"Give them to fasting and pray with patience,
"Forget not alms to the poor and lowly
"And at length ye'll gain God's kingdom holy!

---

king who is banishing the Gaels, Till a scion of the old stock of Heber shall arise, who will take vengeance for injustice.

285. Literally: "He will take the crown from the (foreign) tribe in satisfaction for it [the injustice] And it will remain for ever with the race of Milesius! Avoid evil that has injured all Eve's descendants, Take to prayer and fasting, and to the Cross of God's Son, Be alms-giving, charitable, aflame with humanity, And the glory of Heaven thou shalt get if it is possible! I will go

"Rácaid-fa ar fiubal, tá liú agus glaod orm
"Ag an aicme so Lúthair do bhúrd na h-aeide 'nam—
"Do mharb an Francach an domhan fan faogal díob
"Ar caithfead-fa a d-tabairt anall don taob so!" 294
So fó fada feinn fé ó'm fadharc don léim fin
'S do dóg[aib] Aoibeall íogair léi mé—
Thángamar aníor ar doingíoll nach léir dam
Mar fuaigéar lib coinín ar boillín le fféice.
Gan fcéd om' fmúid do múrcail mé ann fin
'S mo leaba fúm, mo chrúnc ar m' eudach.
Ir amlaid do bhaitear tarfna le faoidh
'S an long ag tarraing go Sacfana air foiréigion—
'Sé chúid mo choide nuair fmaoinig mé ann fin
Gach gád ar gabar thío gur daibhéad bréige é!
Chuaid duine fa' g-crann i d-teannta an
main-top 305
'S do connairc fé dall an long le réidead—
"*Helm-a-lee!*" 'r ba binn an fceul liom,
"Dubairt captaoin *Allen* go feargach faobrach—
"*Gunner, give fire! we'll fight the negroes,*
"*We'll conquer or die, my Irish heroes!* 310

---

away, there is a cry and a call for me, From this tribe of Luther who have bruised the liver within me—The Frenchman has slain a world and a power of them, And I must bring them over to this side!"

295. Very far from my sight he sprung with that bound, and the just Eevell brought me away with her—We came up in a manner not clear to me, As a rabbit would be driven out of his burrow with a hand-spike. Without delay from my slumber, I then awoke, And (found) my bed under me, my trunk, and my clothes—How I gazed

"But I must away—my name they're calling,
"Those sons of Luther my spirits are galling—
"The French have just sent a world of them
hither,
"And I must convey them over the river!"
Away from my sight he leaped then lightly,
And Eevell the weird my hand grasped tightly,
Hither we hurried—yet *how* 'tis wonder—
And forth I came from the regions under.
At once I woke from my sleep and found me
In bed, my clothes and trunk around me—
I looked across and with some relieving
Saw the ship still was westward heaving,
Yet ah, my heart felt deeply wounded
That all I had seen on a dream was founded!
Now up the main-mast climbed a seaman,
Strange ship he saw bear down like demon,
"Helm a-lee!" (to me how pleasing!)
Cried Captain Allen all fears appeasing—
"Gunner, give fire! we'll fight the negroes,
"We'll conquer or die, my Irish heroes!

---

was across with (some) relief, Whilst the ship was drawing powerfully to (New) England—What afflicted my heart (was) when I reflected then, That every experience I had passed through was (but) an illusive dream!

305. Literally: A man went up the mast close to the maintop and he saw some distance away a ship (coming) with the wind—"Helm a-lee!"—and sweet was the message to me—said Captain Allen angrily, sharply, "Gunner give fire! We'll fight the negroes, We'll conquer or die, my Irish heroes! All hands aloft!" I leaped up

'All hands aloft!" do phreab mé am' léine
'S do bí *cutlass* am' glaic ar faobar air—
Gunna 'gur piortal in ionad a céile,
Torann ar tintreaċ gaċ uile thaob dinn—
Do bíomar bóro re bóro ag reubaḋ
Ag gabáil de gunnaiḋib i mullaigib a céile,
Ráig ar gorraiḋe ar builliḋe threuna,
Fuaim ar geoin ar gleo agus caoṁċainn,
Gárċa gur thoir ar gol ar béiceaċ—
Do ċualaiḋ Corcaċ 'r nír bhogur d'a céile
Fuaim an ċogaiḋ ro ar torann an lae rin!
Fuigéad meas francaċ, lom, glan, gleurta
Do ċuir rinn i b-ponc 'r i rcannraḋ ár n-daoṁain
Fá dá-fiċid glan-gunnaḋ d'a léigion gaċ péile—
Da nogha linn caraḋ ċoṁ garta 'r dob' féidir
'Sa long baḋ ṁeara ċum reaċta bíoḋ fae dé!
Do bí ár g-cuid fola 'na loċa ar an *maindeck*
Síor rém' bhollaċ do pollaḋ mo thaob-ra
I g-crioċ an ċogaiḋ do loiteaḋ mé am' euḋan,
'S a g-cinn 'ra g-corpa fa'm ċoraiḃ 'na d-triaḋ-
ta—

in my shirt, There was a cutlass in my hand and an edge on it—Musket and pistol (I used) one after the other, Thunder and lightning on every side of us—

315. We were side by side tearing (away), Firing our guns, into each other's decks, Frenzy and woundings (?) and heavy blows (were there), Noise and yelling and roaring, and flashes of fire, Shouting, and fighting, and weeping, and howling—Cork heard—though the places were not near each other—The roar of that battle, and the thunder of that day! A swift French frigate, sharp-cut, neat, well-

All hands aloft!" he roared, and quickly
I leaped from my bed, no longer sickly,
Musket and pistol I plied untiring,
Thunder and lightning the guns' dread firing—
And soon we closed, and I saw but dimly
Each sweeping the deck of his foeman grimly—
Frenzy and fury and blows resounding,
Clamour and cries from all surrounding,
Smiting and fighting and slaying and groaning,
The roar reach'd Cork—I've heard men owning
That never before had there been such a rattle
There known as the thunder of that day's battle!
A swift French frigate, well-rigg'd and bearing
Two score bright guns, had given this scaring—
And being o'ermatch'd in the fight quite fairly
To trust to our speed was our need now clearly!
My wounds were deep when the conflict ended
My forehead was gashed and side sore rended,
Our blood in pools on the deck was lying,
Around lay heaps of the dead and dying—

---

equipped (it was) that had put us in peril and terror enough, Under two score bright guns (which were) discharged each time.

325. Literally: It was our choice [*i.e.* we decided] to turn as smartly as was possible, and the ship that was worst at running let it be under from it [*i.e.* let it suffer for it].

Our blood was in pools on the maindeck, down by my breast my side was pierced, At the end of the fighting I was wounded in the forehead, Whilst heads and bodies

" Haul yards, stand by, and hoist the mainsail!
" Haul tacks and sheets and free the stay-sails!"
I b-poiṁċeann do ġabaḋ rinn ṗe tom-ċeapt mo ṡceulta
Locaḋ ṗaoi'n *hold* rinn i d-teannta 'r i d-tṗeunar,
Gan blaiṗeaḋ na beaṫa ó ṁaiḋin anḋé aġainn
I laġar, in earḃa, i d-taiṗe, 'r in euġ-cṗuṫ.
Ni ṗaḋa d'ṗanamar ċoṁ laġ rin, gan éiṗeaċt
Gur ṁeaṗamar gur ċeapt dúinn beapt ċum euluiḋ—
Do bṗaiṫeamar baṗaille leanna bí taoḃ linn,
D'ólamar gaire 'r do ċeaṗtuiġ go daoṁuainn— 340
Do ṁneamar *deck* agur deiṗeaḋ do ṁeubaḋ,
'S do ṁuġamar tṗeir ar bṗeir agur caoġaiḋ
Don aicme rin an laoiṗiġmar ċaoiṁiġ gan aoḋaiṗe,
'S do baṫcamar ṡiar 'ran g-cuiṁṗeaċ ceuḋna iaḋ!
Do ċaṗamar roiṁ ar luiġe do Phoebur 345
I g-cúṁṗa coṫṁom go poiṫaiḃ na h-Éiṗeann—
Maiḃaḋ ṗiċe d'a b-ṗuiṁnn ran ṡcléip rin
Ni ḟaṁṁim tuille do milleaḋ bí creuċtaċ.
Do ċailleamar tṁuṁ i d-túiṗ an lae ġil
Dhi ġeaṗṗaḋ 'gur bṁuḋaḋ ar ċúiġ ṗir deug diob, 350

---

were at my feet in sad heaps—"Haul yards, stand by, and hoist the mainsail! Haul tacks and sheets and free the stay-sails!" (But) at last we were captured (to speak) with the bare truth of my story, We were placed down in the hold, in restraint, and fasting—

335. Without a taste of food since the morning of the previous day—In weakness, in want, in feebleness [in death's form *i.e.*], ready to die. Not long did we stay thus weak and powerless, Till we thought we should do something towards our escape—We noticed a barrel of ale (there was) beside us, We drank a draught, and badly

"Haul yards, stand by, and hoist the mainsail!
Haul tacks and sheets and free the stay-sails"
But at length we were taken, I speak not lightly,
And down in the hold they thrust us tightly,
Nor food, nor drink had we touch'd since morning,
And faint we lay, to our foes a scorning.
Yet not for long did we lie there grieving
But looked for means of freedom achieving—
We noticed a barrel of ale beside us,
Deep draughts we drank which help'd decide us—
The hold we then burst, the deck was broken,
And soon of our power we gave them a token—
The Frenchmen caught by surprise surrender'd
And the hold to them in their turn we tender'd!

Eastward we turn'd as the night was falling,
"For Ireland straight!" to the helmsman calling
Full twenty Frenchmen fell in the fighting,
Their heaps of wounded quite affrighting—
We'd lost but three of our crew courageous
Tho' of bruises and wounds we'd enough to enrage us—

---

we wanted it—We (then) broke through the deck and burst the stern, and we gained the victory over more than fifty of (King) Louis's people (now) like sheep without a shepherd—And we clapped them down in the same bonds [in which we had been put]!

345. Literally: We turned eastward as the sun was sinking –(going) in a straight course to the ports of Ireland—Twenty of the (Frenchmen's) crew were killed in that fight—I do not count others who were wounded and disabled. We lost three men in the beginning of that famous day, Whilst fifteen others were cut and

Chuaiḋ uṁċuṗ in ḋailtín an ċaṗtaoin 'ṗ ní leun liom
Do ḟoiḋ ṗé mo ċaipín 'ṗ níṁ ḋanaoiḋ leiṗ maol mé.
Ráṅgamaṗ an Phaṗáiṗte ḟo bataṁáilte, tṗéaċ-laṁ
'S do ṫáṅgaṗ ḟo Ḟoṗt-láiṗḟe aṗ ċoṗanáiṁde m'aonaṗ.
Timċeall míoṁa claoiḋte, cṗéimċeaċ
Dhíoṁ am' luiḟe ḟuṗ léiḟiṗ Mac Dé mé.
Tiḟim a ḃaile ḟo taṗaiḋ 'ṗḃa ḋéiṁ liom
'S ip deaṁḃ naċ ḟlaḟaṁ, ná maḟaḋ, ná bṁeuḟ ṁin—
Aṗ loinḟ ṁaṫ ṁaiṁṗeaḋ ní ṁaċaḋ má ṁeuḋaim
Muna ṁaċainn le ṗṫṁacaḋ nó ceanḟailte le teuḋaiḃ!

Maṗ ḃaṁṁa aṗ ḟaċ ní le Cṁíoṗt bíoḋ buiḋeaċaṗ—
A Chaṁa bí am' ḋíon, a Rí ná tṁéiḟ ṁinn—
A Rí na b-ṁaiṫeaṗ do ċeannuiḟ ḟo ḋaoṁ ṁinn,
Scaoil áṁ nḟlaṁa ó'n b-peacaḋ ṁan t-ṁaoḟal ṁo,
Tóḟ-ṁa t'ṁeaṁḟ ḋíonn, neaṁtuiḟ aṗ ṁaoṁ ṁinn,
Aṗ ṁóiṁ aṗ áṁ n-anam—ṁin aḟaiḃ mo ṁceul-ṁa!

Eaċtṁa Ḟhiolla an Amaṗáin
ḟo nuiḟe ṁo.

---

bruised—A shot went into the Captain's boy, nor did it grieve me—He had stolen my cap, and was not troubled at my being bare-headed.

353. We reached Passage battered, weak and weary, And I came on alone in a gallop to Waterford. For about a month, sick and wounded I was lying, until God's Son cured me, I come home (then) quickly, and it was a mercy to me, And it is certain that that is no (idle) chatter, nor

The captain's boy was shot—devil mend him—

My cap he had stolen, ill luck attend him!
At Passage at length we arriv'd, all batter'd
And to Waterford off in a gallop I clatter'd—

For weeks I lay in my bed sore ailing
Till my health returned, God's help availing
I then came home—to me what gladness!
And here I swear (ye may call it madness)
Never again on a ship they'll find me
Unless by force they should take and bind me!

And now let's thank with heart all grateful
The Lord who led us through scenes so fateful—
O King of heaven, who boughtst us dearly
Wash out the sins we know too clearly,
Thy grace give here, in heaven thy glory—
And so my good friends, now ends my story!

Thus far
THE ADVENTURES OF A LUCKLESS FELLOW.

---

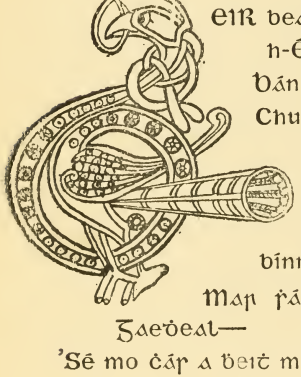
joke, nor lie—Into a ship whilst I live I will never go if I can (help it)—Unless I (should) go by being dragged or tied with cords!

361. To crown all things, to Christ be thanks—O Friend (of man) protect me, O King abandon us not—O King of Heaven, who has dearly redeemed us, Loosen our bonds of sin in this world, Take off Thy anger from us, strengthen and free us, and help our souls—there ye have my story.

Bánchoic Éireann Óig'

Fonn: Uileacán dubh O!

An t-abhán bheag fo fíor ir dóig gur b'é aon de na dántaib ar túirce d'ár cumadh le Donnchadh Ruadh, muna b'é a ceud dán féin. Ir coramhail gur cruíodhadh é nuair bí an file ar deoraidheacht, b'féidir fan Bhraine, áit ar dóig go raib ré 'na comhnuighe beagán de bliadhantaib ruil do cár re a baile. Aimsir a cumta mar sin sois 1730 agus 1740. Tá ceol an fuinn le fágail ag Tomár ó Mórda, as ó Dálaig, agus as an Ollamhain Rómhaic Seoighedc. D'éir an airtsighe do sinne Séamus ó Mongáin, ní shaétanach a théanamh amír go deo; acht 'na diaidh sin gid álainn é, agus gid go bfuil fíghinne an bunadair ann, mar ar feárr'r ar féidir, níl ré ar aon chor chom binn ná chom ealadhanta leis an abhán Gaedhilge.



Eir beannacht ó'm chroidhe go tír na
n-Éireann
Bánchoic Éireann óig'!
Chum a mairheann de fíolradh ír
ar Éibir
Ar Bánchoic Éireann óig'!
An áit úd 'nar b' aoibinn
binn guth eun
Mar fámhghuit daoin as caoineadh
Gaedheal—
'Sé mo dár a beith míle míle i g-cein
Ó Bánchoic Éireann óig'!

Óig: For óige genit. sing. fem. of óg *holy pure*—O. Ir. óc, uas. Name of this song sometimes written "Banchoic Eireann O!" as if the last word were the interjection, but this is a mistake! the word óg, *holy*, is a well-known and ancient epithet of our country. "Eire óg inis na naomh"—"Holy Erin, island of Saints," is the first line of an ancient Irish poem. Hence the substantive óg or óig a virgin—Muire óig = Mary Virgin.

THE FAIR HILLS OF HOLY IRELAND.

Air: *Uileacán dubh, O!*

TRANSLATED BY JAMES (CLARENCE) MANGAN.

The original of the following song is probably one of the first compositions, if not the very first, of Donnchadh Ruadh. It appears to have been written abroad, perhaps in France, where the poet may have lived a few years before he returned home to Ireland. Its date, therefore, will lie between 1730 and 1740. The music of the air is given by Moore, O'Daly, and Dr. Joyce. After Mangan, the song need never again be translated; yet, though his version is beautiful, and as close to the original as a metrical rendering can well be, it is not by any means so melodious or so artistic as the Irish song. This translation was first published in O'Daly's *Songs of the Munster Bards* in November, 1849, a few months after Mangan's death:—

TAKE a blessing from my heart
to the land of my birth
And the fair hills of Erin, oh!
And to all that survive of
Eibhear's tribe on earth
On the fair hills of Erin, oh!
In that land so delightful the
wild thrush's lay
Seems to pour a lament forth for Erin's decay—
Alas, alas! why pine I a thousand miles away
From the fair hills of Erin, oh!

Uileacán dubh O!=*Oh, the sad lament!* But it would be better to retain the Irish names of these old airs even in English. Uileacán is no douht as Dr. Joyce says (*Irish Music and Song, Dublin, 1888*), but another and older form of ulagón, *a cry, a lament;* connected with uileliu, *a wailing,* uaill, *a cry,* Lat. *ululare,* Engl. *wail*—all probably phono-mimetic or imitative words. Moore calls the air the "Song of Sorrow," and wrote to it his lyric beginning *Weep on, weep on, your hour is past.*

Dioḋeann ḃárr ḃoġ rlím ar ċaoin-ċnoic Éireann
Báinċnoic Éireann óiġ'!
'Sir fearr ná'n tír-re oír ġaċ rléiḃe ann
Báinċnoic Éireann óiġ!
Doḃ' árd a coillte 'r ḃa ḋíreaċ, réiġ
'Sa mbláṫ mar aol ar ṁaoilinn ġeuġ
Atá ġrád agam' ċroiḋe am' intinn féin
Ar Báinċnoic Éireann óiġ!

Atá ġarrad Lionmar 1 dtír na h-Éireann
Báinċnoic Éireann óiġ'!
Ar feara-ċoin ġroiḋe ná claoiḋfeaḋ ceudta
Ar Báinċnoic Éireann óiġ'!
M'fad-tuirre croiḋe ir mo ċuimne rceul!
Iad ag Gallaḃoic ríor fá ġneim, mo leun!
'Sa mbailte dá roinn fá ċíor go daor!
Báinċnoic Éireann óiġ!

Síolraḋ 1r ar Eiḃir: The race of *Ir* and *Eibhear*, two of the sons of *Milidh* or Milesius—here meaning the whole Irish race; Eibhear being put as the ancestor of the Southern families, and Ir of the Northern. But while Eibhear (or 'Heber') is generally reckoned the ancestor of the southern clans, Ir strictly was progenitor only of the north-eastern families—chief amongst them being the *Ui-Eachach* ('Iveagh') or Magennises; Eireamhon ('Heremon') the youngest son of Milidh, being generally regarded as the ancestor of the great families of Connacht, Leinster and Meath, as well as of the O'Neills and O'Donnells of Ulster.

Díġ ġaċ rléiḃe: díġ strictly the *absence* or *want*, but frequently used for dioġa the *refuse*, the *worst* of anything oír ġaċ rléiḃe =the worst of all mountain wilds, the barest of wilds.

The soil is rich and soft, the air is mild and bland,
Of the fair hills of Erin, oh!
Her barest rock is greener to me than this rude land—
Oh the fair hills of Erin, oh!
Her woods are tall and straight, grove rising over grove,
Trees flourish in her glens below, and on her heights above—
Oh, in heart and in soul, I shall ever, ever love
The fair hills of Erin, oh!

A noble tribe moreover are the now hapless Gael,
On the fair hills of Erin, oh!
A tribe in battle's hour unused to shrink or fail
On the fair hills of Erin, oh!
For this is my lament in bitterness out-poured
To see them slain or scattered by the Saxon sword
Oh, woe of woes, to see a foreign spoiler horde,
On the fair hills of Erin, oh!

ꝼeaꞃaċoiꞃ for ꝼeaꞃ-ċoiꞃ pl. of ꝼeaꞃḋú, a male hound, a great hound—figuratively a *hero*, like Leoṁan, maċḟaṁam, ꝺꞃaḟan, &c. In ꝼeaꞃa-ċoiꞃ the a in the second syllable is euphonic but irregular—so also a euphonic vowel is inserted in ḟalla-ṗoiċ ꝼinne-ḃean, ꝼeanaċuꞃ ꞇc, for ḟall-ṗoiċ, ꝼinn-ḃean, ꝼeanċuꞃ &c.

m'ꝼaꝺ-tuiꞃꞃe cꞃoiꝺe = *My long weariness of heart!* Sometimes written ꝼáꝺ-tuiꞃꞃe, *cause of weariness;* but though this is Irish and similar to aṫḋaꞃ ḃꞃoiṁ, assonance obviously requires a short vowel here (*cf.* ḟalla and ḃailte in next lines); besides ꝼaꝺ (= ꝼaꝺa) enters into several compounds, as ꝼaꝺ-ṗulaṅḟ = long suffering, ꝼaꝺ-ċoꞃaċ, long legged, ꞇc. Aṫtuiꞃꞃe, *great weariness* is another word differing from both.

Ir fairrinʒ 'r ir mór iad cruacha na h-Éireann
Bánchnoic Éireann óiʒ'!
A cuid meala 'ʒur uachtair ag ʒluaire acht 'na sraodaibh
Ar Bánchnoic Éireann óiʒ!
Racaid mé ar cuairt nó ir luaith mo shaoʒal
Don talamh beag fuairc, ar dual do Shaeðil
'S go mb' fearra liom na duair d'á nairleacht é
Bheit ar Bánchnoic Éireann óiʒ'!

Scairean an drúcht ar ʒeamhar aʒur feur ann
Ar Bánchnoic Éireann óiʒ!
Ar taʒaid na h-ubla cumra ar ʒeuʒaib
Ar Bánchnoic Éireann óiʒ!
Biolar aʒur famhaid 'na ʒleanntaib ceo
'Sna sroda ran t-samhradh a' labairt ar nóin—
Uirce na Siuire aʒ drúcht 'na slóiʒ
Ar Bánchnoic Éireann óiʒ!

Cruacha: Here *corn-stacks*, the usual meaning. Cruach is a stack or rick of corn, hay, turf or the like; Welsh *crug*, a heap or pile, A. Saxon *hreac*, Engl. *rick*. Mangan does not translate the word, but it is clear he understood its meaning. Applied to a hill or mountain, as in Cruach Phádraic, it is figurative

'na sraodaibh for 'na sraodaibh: *In streams*—the only possible meaning here, though not given in dictionaries. See Joyce's *Irish Names of Places*, Vol. II., p. 387, for 'Slad,' 'Slade,' the name of some streams in the eastern counties. Slaodán (also written slaʒdán and slaiʒdeán) a running, influenza, cold in the head, is an obvious diminutive of sraod. 'na sraodaibh is often said of *long flowing hair*.

Broad and tall rise the *cruachs* in the golden
morning's glow
On the fair hills of Erin oh!
O'er her smooth grass for ever sweet cream and
honey flow
On the fair hills of Erin, oh!
Oh I long, I'm pining again to behold
The land that belongs to the brave Gael of old—
Far dearer to my heart than a gift of gems or gold
Are the fair hills of Erin, oh!

The dewdrops lie bright mid the grass and
yellow corn
On the fair hills of Erin, oh!
The sweet-scented apples blush redly in the morn
On the fair hills of Erin, oh!
The water-cress and sorrel fill the vales below,
The streamlets are hushed till the evening
breezes blow,
While the waves of the Suir, noble river, ever flow
Near the fair hills of Erin, oh!

ıṙ ғaıṙṙıոʒ 'ṙ ıṙ móṁ ıaʊ: In this phrase móṁ is to be pronounced m u ʌ ṁ, for better assonance with cṁuaċa. It is a frequent pronunciation of the word in Munster, and indeed in such places as the above, the spelling also might be m u ʌ ṁ. *Cf.* ó and uʌ, ṙloʒ and ṙluaʒ, &c.

ʒo mb'ғeaṁṁa ʟıom: Notice ғeaṁṁa in two syllables, the first short—assonating with ṁaċaıʊ and ʇaʟaṁ in the lines before it. ғeaṁṁa is probably older than ғeáṁ though the latter is now the more usual form. Donnchadh Ruadh uses both.

Is forcailte, fáilteach an áit sin Éire,
Bánchnoic Éireann óig!
Agus torad na slainte i mbárr na déise
Ar bánchnoic Éireann óig!
Da binne liom ná meura ar ceudaib céol
Seinm agus géimreadh a laoig 'sa mbó—
Taitneamh na gréine orra, aosda ar óg,
Ar bánchnoic Éireann óig!

---

fáilteach: *Hospitable*, ready with a f á i l t e or *welcome*. John Fleming (*Gael. Jour.*, Vol. II.) gives fáireach—a word I do not know, unless it be a mis-spelling of fábarach, *favourable, kindly, friendly*, in which word the b is generally not pronounced in the south.

torad na slainte=the fruit of health, wholesome fruit. Mangan's rendering of this phrase ('The very Bread of Life') is an unwarranted exaggeration, and worse.

Taitneamh na gréine, &c. The thought contained in this last line—as I take it—is not in construction with the two preceding lines, nor is it meant to be; it is a wish or prayer fitly ending the song, and though it contains no flourish about 'shields,' is more tender and pathetic than Mangan's rendering—for it means literally—'The glory of the sun (be) on them all, young and old, on the fair hills of Holy Ireland!"

AN OLDER VERSION.

Though the whole of this song is generally attributed to Donnchadh Ruadh, credit should be given to him only for what is his due; for it is clear that like Burns with some of the old songs of his time, he only *re-wrote* an older anonymous song of the same name, and to the same air. Three verses of this older composition were given by Hardiman in his *Irish Minstrelsy* (1831), with a metrical translation by John D'Alton. They were translated also by Edward Walsh in his *Irish Popular Songs* (1847) and again by the late Sir Samuel Ferguson; and were re-published by Dr. Joyce in his *Irish Music and Song*.

A fruitful clime is Erin's through valley, meadow, plain,
And the fair land of Erin, oh!
The very "Bread of Life" is in the yellow grain
On the fair hills of Erin, oh!
Far dearer unto me than the tones music yields
Is the lowing of the kine and the calves in the fields,
And the sunlight that shone long ago on Gaelic shields
On the fair hills of Erin, oh!

The following is the older song as given by Hardiman (*Irish Minstr. Isy*, Vol. II., pp. 78, 79). From its style and construction it does not seem to be much older than Donnchadh Ruadh's, certainly not older than the latter half of the seventeenth century. Though some of the lines are obviously corrupt, the old song has a genuine poetical strain which justifies the attention and admiration bestowed on it by so many of our later poets. Nor does it at all appear to be a *lament*, but rather, a joyous and generous description of the natural beauties of our country—perhaps only a part of the original poem—written to an air which was and is doubtless a *lament*. Donnchadh's song combines both characteristics—it is a pathetic lament and a beautiful description.

Dánchoic Éireann óg.

[Original version.]

Ir fairrinʒ 'r ir fáilteaċ an áit do beiċ n-Éirinn
Uileacán duḃ O!
Mar a mbídeann toirrad na fláinte a mbárr na déise ann
Uileacán duḃ O!

Bídeann an mil ar an gcrann ann a ngleanntaib
ceoid
'Sna fuchaib ir an t-famha ann a g-ciumhair gach
póid
Bídeann uirge 'na fúill ann ar dúcht um nóin
Air bánchnoic Éireann óg!

Ir bacallach, buacach, dualach, dréimneach,
Uileacán dubh O!
Gach farraire a gluaiseas ó chuantaib na h-Éireann
Uileacán dubh O!
Racfadsa air cuairt már buan mo fhaogal beidear
G'nuig talamh an t-fuairceir mar ir dual do ghac-
dail beic,
Do b'fearr liom ná bun ndualgar gid mór le
maoideam beic
Air bánchnoic Éireann óg!

Ir tairbeach 'r ir mór iad cruachaib na h-Éireann
Uileacán dubh O!
Bídeann an t-im ar an t-uachdar ag gluaiseacht
'na fhaodha ann
Uileacán dubh O!
Bídeann an biollar air an dtoinn ann ar famhad
bog fodail
Ar na cuacha ag labairt ann ó ló go ló
'S an fmóilín uafal ir fuaim-binne ceol
Air bánchnoic Éireann óg!

WESLEY COLLEGE LIBRARY

The following is Ferguson's English version (*Lays of the Western Gael*, 1865), and as Dr. Joyce points out, it will be found to be almost word for word :—

The Fair Hills of Ireland.

A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Uileacán dubh, O !
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear,
Uileacán dubh, O !
There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fann'd,
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' th' yellow sand
On the fair hills of Holy Ireland !

Curl'd he is and ringleted and plaited to the knee,
Uileacán dubh, O !
Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish sea,
Uileacán dubh, O !
And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,
Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high command,
For the fair hills of Holy Ireland !

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground,
Uileacán dubh, O!
The butter and the cream do wondrously abound,
Uileacán dubh, O!
The cresses on the waters and the sorrels are at hand,
And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music bland,
And the blood thrush sings so bravely his song i' th' forests grand,
On the fair hills of Holy Ireland!

On comparing Donnchadh Ruadh's with the older song it will be seen that the last three stanzas of the former are substantially identical with the more ancient anonymous verses, though on the whole more artistically finished. The first three stanzas of Donnchadh's are, however, quite original. The Irish reader will remember that we have similar older and later versions of many of our Irish songs, as of *Eibhlín a rún*, *Róisín Dubh*, the *Páistín Fionn*, *Seaghan Buidhe*, *Gráinne Mhaol*, the *Draigheanán Donn*, &c., &c.

eaċtra Śéamuis Ġrae.

The incident which gave rise to the following humorous tale is referred to in the Life of Donnchadh Ruadh. I give the poem here rather for its length than for chronological fitness—for it belongs to the period 1760-1770. The contest between the Poor Scholar and the Surly Dame arose, it will be remembered, from the refusal of the latter to give the young man shelter for the night; this led to words and these brought on a furious battle in which the old dame's crockery supplied the artillery on both sides, till not an article in the house was left whole—the battle ending in the poor scholar being put to flight by the old woman's relations, upon whom, however, and their descendants the scholar left his curse. It is said that James Gray in after life became a famous schoolmaster and land surveyor in the Co. Waterford. Much of the humour lies in the absurd misconstruction put by the old dame on the poor scholar's English—the language in which he first addressed her—and this effect would be lost in a translation. The story, or one very like it, is pretty generally known throughout Ireland. Versions of it have been printed before—in 1853, in 1876, and in 1882.

Sᴀ ᴅᴀ ċᴜᴛʀᴀ ᴀɴ Sʜéᴀᴍᴜs Ġʀᴀe
Aɴ ɢᴀʀʀᴀɪᴅ ʟéɪġɪɴɴ 'ɴᴀ ʀᴄᴏʟáɪʀᴇ
'Sᴀɴ ċᴀɪʟʟɪġ ᵽʟᴀʀᴛᴀɪġ ᴍᴀᴏʟ
Do ʀᴛɪᴀʟʟ ᴀ ᵽéᴀᵽᴀɴ 'ʀᴀ ᴍᴀ́ʟᴀ.

Cá ġ-ᴄᴀʀʀᴀɪᴅᴇ ʀᴀɴ ᴏɪᴅᵽᴇ
Chum ʀᴜɪᴅᴇ 'ʀᴛᴇᴀċ ᴀɴ Sᴄᴏʟáɪʀᴇ
Aċᴛ ɪ mBᴀɪʟᴇ-ɴᴀ-ᵽʀᴀᴏɪᴛᴇᴀċ
'S é ᴄíᴏᴄʀᴀċ ᴍᴀʀ ᴅᴀ ġɴáᴛᴀċ.

Do chuaidtuigh móir-thimpeall
Gach tighe ar gach sleasa
'Sní bhuair uatha aoibheacht ann
Ná slighe 'steach ón bhreidhteann.

Go nDeachaidh go muig' Ghráinne
D'fhuineadh arán ar an hiarta
I b-poll beag do láimh leis
'Sádadh steach 'na dhiaidh sin.

"*God save you!*" ar an Scoláire
Dubhairt Ghráinne "Do chonntráct!
"Is gad é, 's ar bhorán
Dhéarfainn fad duit san gceann dé!

"Muna mbeitheá ceann-dána
Mar atáir 'sad' dhailtín
Ní chuirfá cum mo bothán
'Déanamh corán am' ghaisgidhe."

"*Not so*" ar an Scoláire
"*Pray pardon my boldness!*"
"Anhó chugad" do láidh Ghráinne
"Ní faidh áithe ná poll air!"

'S ann sin nuair do chonnairc sé
Nach faidh tuigsin aici ar bheurla
D'iarr leabaidh ar teine uithe
Chomh foineannda 's dob' féidir.

"Dá d-tagad na tínde
'Sa muintir am' domain-re
I mearc a ngabann an trige díob
Níl rige agam dod' fóirt-ra."

"Ní dacac mé ná geocad
Dar ndóig!" ar an Scoláire
'S i mBaile-bneac do domnuigim
'Fágail eoluir om' mágairtir!"

"Mágairtir na buadaill
Ní dual go mbíonn am' cúil-re
Ní binn liom lem' cluara' iad
N'a mbuanad ar an dúdaig:

"Ní fulair go mbéid fuirín
Dá cur fíor 'nuair tagair riad
Do gad neac coigríde
Mar lucht reirrige nó maideara!

"An muintir ag ar gnádad
Scoláirde ar fagairt fír
Do didimre nad feárrde
Thig gráinne don t-reagal dóib.

"'Sda mbiad an oiread fir an dreoilín
D'og-cloinn am' fárrad-ra
Ní cuirfinn duine ná deorad
Go deo 'fír cum rcoile díob!"

"An té déanfar" ar an Scolaire
"Déid fárad ó Dhia aige
Déid an fad air de láthair
'S déid na gnára 'ge 'na diaid sin:

"Ní bfaghair-se dul i g-caithir
Leis an aicme geid eolus
S'dom dóigh ní déanfainn malairt
Ar do chuid seaghail ná eomnan!

"Tubairt' ar dít ort,
Már fíor sin a ghabaire!
Léig dod' chuid aighnis
Fág mo nadarc ar seachain mé!

"Cheud do ghnid luchd eoluis
Ar mórtuis dá mhéid iad
Acht ag caitheamh a lóin-sean
Ar luchd fómhair ar faodair!

"Dad fó mhaith an ghníomh é
Dá bhfághainn scéiod' chum na cúirte
Chum luchd eoluis ar bhíbeadh
Do díbirt ar an dúthaigh!"

"Ir luchd eoluis" ar an Scolaire
"Atá 'cumhdach do thige ort
Ag déanamh scáth' do fhiocht Lódais
Do tógbad ar an doileach!"

"Aoileach ná ualach
Ná raib i gcluair do chige-re!
Do cíorfainn do cuaca
'Sdo buailfinn fead an cinn tú!"

"Da g-ciorfá mo cuaca
Nír dual duit gur b'feárr-de
A círte dub gruamda
Ir tú an cruad-cailleach dána!"

Scinneann an Chailleach go ranntach
Le fogla fuinneamhail fuadaig
'Sdo ruig ar fear na leabha
Air ceann agus air cluasaíb.

Do bí an Chailleach 'ran Scóláire
Ag clútáil a céile
'Snír fágbadar breallán
'San mbocán gan feubad!

Ní raib i g-cac Ghabha
Ná i dTeamhra na mbéimeann
Dír ba lia tuargain
Fuadar ar foiréigean.

Do cualad i gcéin uaca
Béiceach mór ar gárda
An t-uaillead ran dreun-tuitim
An draocad ran cárnad!

I g-Comrac na Caillige
Do fearṁuig go cuiddearaċ
Gur rtróic rire a ċairín
Ar cnapaoir a driṫrte.

"*Help us, O Lord!*" ar an Scolaire
"*In this battle, or we lose the day!*"
"Már i mo feilp-re" ar Gráinne
Nil deataċ na rúiġe uirre!

"Nó már é adeir tú
Gur feilp atá orm-ra
Mó dó féin deir orm í
Gan aon rplead le rtolaire!"

"*I have lost my ears by the fierce witch,*
I fear much!" ar an Scolaire
"Tú deiġ leat toir nó leat tiar díom
Do rtiallfainn do ċnáṁ'na!

"Ar má ċaiġ mire m'fiacla
Ni piarfa mé ná mála
Faice ar dit ni iarraim
Cia fiaraim a lán díoġ!"

"Mearaim" ar an Scolaire
"Nać rparálfá tú féin leo
Oir ir dainġean an Gleim 'tá
Agad leaċláiṁ am' ċéiġ-re!"

Le n-a linn sin do bain tuairt
Ar an g-cruaḋ-ċaillig ċiar-ḋuiḃ
Ar do sineag anuas í
'Na cuaill' ar an ngsíoraig.

"Bíoḋ breall" ar an Scoláire
"Ar an té fágfar ar déiḋeanaige!"
'S doo lom sé 'na ċáin-puċ
Chomh láidir ar d'feud sé.

Duḃairt an Chailleaċ ag cur suinnimh
'Na h-iorcaid 'na suiḃ crampa—
"Is iomḋa fear ḃa mire
Do ċuireas-sa breall áir!"

Do ċóg sí na h-éigme air
Go h-éigneaċ ar do liúig sí
Ar do ċruinnig a gaolta
Ar gaċ taoḃ di le cúngnamh.

Do ċáinig annsin Máirín
'Sa smaċtaoin 'na teannta
Drigdin agus Eiḃlín
Dhí neimheaċ mar neannta.

Mór ar in a leaṫ-láimh
Dhí slinneán an tuirainn
Rómpa gaḃ Sioḃán
Ar tuag an ċaḃáirte bruḃ' aice.

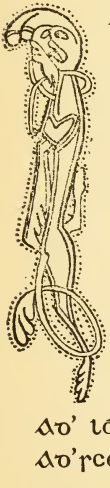
Mairtire ar Muirgeann
Do ritfead le fiad ar bit
Rug fiad ar an duine boct
D'fag lomnocht 'na diaid fin.

An t-ogán do leag fiad
Ar d'fág fiad gan iall air
Act mo fcoláire ní tiucfad
Go nuig'mire gan iarrma!

Thug an Scoláire a mallacht
Do Bhaile-na-bfaoiteac
'Sní bídeann ann act cnoc-dáil
Ar drochinná dá brig fin!

An t-Athair Seaghan Ó Catasaigh.

The occasion of the following verses was a christening at Stradbally in the year 1756, at which the subject of them, Father John Casey, parish priest of Kilmacthomas and Stradbally, was a guest (see *Life of Donnchadh Ruadh*). They contain a little banter on Father John—on his economy in regard to his ale, much too rigorous for Donough's liking—banter which, no doubt, the parish priest enjoyed as much as anyone, all the more as the charge does not appear to have been at all well-founded. The verses are said to have been composed *extempore*—in any case they are witty and clever.



Is mairg guidh i mbailte Chuirc ir bron
'ris reior
An cathaire mac Catharaigh Seon 'na fuide
Gan dada' 'ge act baraille 'ra doin le
gaoith
Ná blaire muig do fagartaibh dá ngeobadh
an t-rlige!

. . . . . .

Deor dige nir ordhuigir a tarraint le-
bliadain
Ar do feoimhin a Sheoinin uí Chatharaigh
aniar—
Ad' loirdin le deoraidh nir cáithreach riamh
Ad'rceoigriortéid do póircín, do canna, 'rdo biadh!

Biadh go fairring ar leathan-cuid loin ar clár
Ag féarta ar baile, ar bairteadh nó ar póraid
ag cách,
Sciar ar chagaire, flearc 'na dóid ar cnámh—
A Dhia ni glacfadh a mhalairt de rpórt go bráth!

. . . . . .

A Sheagain re an reall gan leann tu ar gnáth
agad oi
Roimh cáċ gur chom do ċeann'r gurtráigte muig—
Don fhápa ní ċabarfá rteall, gé nár, 'na tig
Acht lán an fionnta manntaig, beárnaig, big!

LITIR ĊUM SAGAIRT.

[Donnċaḋ Mac Conmara cecinit.]

The following fragment, kindly sent to me by Father Michael P. Hickey, Professor of Irish at Maynooth, is generally attributed to Donnchadh Ruadh, and indeed bears every sign of being his. It has, I think, never been printed before. It appears to be a letter addressed to some priest asking him to tell his congregation that he (Donnchadh) was about to open a school in the neighbourhood. We learn from it that Macnamara was at one time in Conamara or 'Connemara'—or perhaps expecting to be there. It is also interesting as an example of the ancient Conaċlann Slaḃraḋ, or 'Chain-verse'—in which the last word of a stanza became the first of the next, and so on to the end—the most famous poem of the kind being the Féilire Aonġusa or Calendar of St. Aengus, beginning Sén a Chríst mo labra ('Bless, O Christ, my speaking').

Fagairt do folcaḋ i dtobar na naoi mBéiċe [1]
Aiċnir doṫ' fobul gan doċar
doṫ' fhíṁléid-re
Gur teagarcaċ ollaṁ ċum
rcoile do fíol Aoḋa mé
'Sgo bfanfaḋ 'na bfoċair má
ṫoirbireann Xt̄ ré dam.

[1] na naoi m-béiċe: 'Who wast bathed in the fountain of the Nine Muses'—a compliment to the priest's learning.

Ré ḟaḋa i gConamara[1]
Do Dhonnċaḋ MacConmara—
Guidim rin, ní h-olc an ċúis
Maiṫ mo ċúngnaṁ i g-ceud-túir.

Túir an leaḃair 'r go grafanta an rgríoḃuiġe luaṫ
Cúndar ceannuiġte ir laidin go fír-binn buan,
Fiu ar d-teangan ir reanaċur ríoṁuide, ruaiṁ
Súd a ġeaḃaid 'r an teagarc ceart Criortuide
uaim.

Donnċaḋ Ruaḋ i Talaṁ-an-éisc
do ċan.

The following amusing squib is a reminiscence of Macnamara's sojourn in Newfoundland—known at that time in Ireland as Talaṁ-an-éirc, 'The Land of Fish.' It appears to have been composed and sung by Donough in a public house at St. John's, Newfoundland, in the company of some English soldiers and sailors, and a few of his own countrymen. The Englishmen enjoyed the English lines mightily, and the Irishmen who understood both languages, enjoyed the Irish lines much more mightily.

S I was walking one evening fair
Ar mé go déirdeanaċ i mBaile-
Sheaġain[2]
I met a gang of English blades,
Ar iad d'a d-triaoċaḋ ag neart
a náṁad:

[1] The second stanza is a curious instance of the old seven-syllabled *Deibhidhe* metre. MacCurtin also—and other poets of the time—composed in both kinds of verse, though rarely mixed them.

[2] Baile Sheaġain = 'John's town,' *i.e.*, St. John's, Newfoundland.

I boozed and drank both late and early
With these courageous men of war—
'S gur binne liom na Sagranaig as puc air éigion
'S gan de Ghaeðil ann acc fíp-ðeagán.

I spent my fortune by being freakish
Drinking, raking, and playing cards—
Gid nac raib airgead agam ná gréicre
Ná ruo ran t-saogal acc níð gan áiro:
Then I turn'd a jolly tradesman,
By work and labour I lived abroad—
Acc bíoð ar m' ḟallaing gur móir an bpeug rin
'S gur beag don t-saoðal do čuir lém láimh!

Newfoundland is a fine plantation,
It will be my station until I die—
Mo ċrád, go mb' feárr liom a ðeiċ in Éirinn
As díol gairtéirðe ná as dul ḟán gcoill:
Here you may find a virtuous lady
A smiling fair one to please your mind
An paca rtaigeanna ar meara tréiče
Go mbeirið mé 'ḟaogal ðeiċ ar a radarc!

Come drink a health, boys, to Royal George[1]
Our chief commander, nár órduig Críort

---

níð gan áiro, *i.e.*, 'a thing without value, unvalued,' probably his learning, his scholarship.

bíoð ar m' ḟalling='be it on my cloak,' *i.*., 'by my cloak,' a euphemism for bíoð ar m' anam.

[1] *Royal George:* King George the Second.

Ar bíoð bur n-aċċuingeaða ċum Muire Mháṫar
'e féin 'ra ġárdaiðe do leagað síos!
We'll fear no arms nor war's alarms
While noble George will be our guide—
'Sa Chríosd go breicið mé an bhúiṫ d'a cárnaḋ
Ag an mac[1] ro ar án uainn ċall ran bhfuinc!

Aoð ó Ceallaiġ.

This is another piece having reference to Newfoundland. It was composed probably about 1758, some short time after Donough's return from America. Inquiries having been made about Aoð ó Ceallaiġ 'Hugh O'Kelly' whom he had known in Newfoundland, Donough gave the following account of him:

R maiðin anðé bí camaðam scéil
Ag gaiġe gan ċéill d'a leaṫaḋ
'ðir mnáiḃ
Go bfeacaiḋ se Aoð ó Ceallaiġ go
tréiṫ
I d-Talamh-an-Éirc 'na mangaire
smáil—

Laġ, maḃ ran *stage* gan tapa 'na ġéiġ
Ó ṫarruing an éirc 'ran t-salainn de gnáṫ
Ar Sagranaċ méaṫ d'á larcaḋ ar a ṫaoḃ
Ó baṫar go feur 'r doḃ' ainðeir mar ḃáġ.

---

[1] An mac ro ar án, *i.e.*, Prince Charles Edward, then an exile in France.

Dob' aiċniu dam féin feara[ib] nać é
Do ċleaċtaḋ an rcléip 'rná rtaḋrać ón
bpráirc—
Do ṁaċaḋ i b-plé le Sagranać méaċ
I dTalaṁ an Éirc 'r ag baile gan tlás:
Do blabrać do bleurcrać baċair ar plaorca
Do ċnapraḋ do neubrać naċaċa ar cnáṁa
Le bata, le cloiḋeaṁ, le cleaċaiḃ, le p'léir—
Ar glacaim-re a Aoḋ ui Cheallaiġ do páirc!

Más *frolic* le h-Aoḋ ḋul damall d'a ṁaoġal
Go Talaṁ an Éirc ag caiḋeaṁ 'r ag fáġail
Ni taiḋneaṁ leir aon fear magaiḋ ná bréige
Dheiċ ag aiċnir rceul air ran mbaile do
ṁnáiḃ—
Ir fearaiṁail, faoḃrać, leanabać, léiḋṁeaċ
Calma an laoċ é ag tarraing tar ráil,
Ar banna ar cléirċeap, earrać 'gur euḋaċ
Ar airgead péiḋ aige ag caraḋ ran ḃrál!

Ir tapa do ċéiḋeann in *shallop* de léim
Ar na flaiċir ag péiḋeaḋ reaċtṁain nó lá—
Ar go mb' fearra leir cnaorṁuir, gailfion ar
gaoċ
Ar cranna d'á neubaḋ ná tarraing an ráṁa:
A glaca ba ċneun ar *halyard* an *mainsail*
Caca ar teud dá rtiacaḋ go clár—
Do neaitniġ ré an ċéim i dTalaṁ an Éirc
Ar abram go léir go d-tagaiḋ ré rlán!

Sé an fapaipe rúgaċ do ċaiṫfeaḋ na púint
Do fcaipfeaḋ an lionn, 'f do lagfaḋ an cláf,
Do ċnagfaḋ fan t-púil aon t-Sagfanaċ fiaṁaf
'Sdo ṫiuḃfaḋ a ċoḃaif do Ghaeḋeal in am gáḋa:
Dionn caga af cnúfca, canna 'guf cuḃaf aif
Af bata do lúbfaḋ 'na ḋoif de gnáṫ—
Ni ċarfaḋ fé a ċúl le feafaiḃ na Muṁan
Nó guf ṁafluiġ an gúta a ċofa 'fa láṁa.

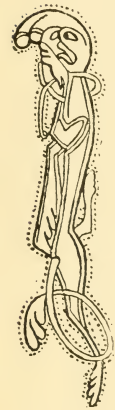
An té ċarfaḋ le h-Aoḋ ḃeiṫ ag tafpaing an t-féine
Nó i mbaffa na fléice af baffa d'á ċnáḋ
If damanta daof é má ṫagann go h-Éifinn—
Beannuiġiḋ na h-éigfe a ċleafa 'fa cáil—
Do b'feafpa le Gaeḋil é ḃeiṫ eatoffa féin
Ag feafaṁ fan fcléip 'f ag cuf eagla af cáċ—
Sin anfaḋ ón aef i nDalaṁ-an-Éifc
Sin teartaf af Aoḋ ó Ceallaiġ ó'm láṁ!

---

pas Donnċaḋa Ruaiḋ.

The paf or 'Pass' of Donnchadh Ruadh—in pure Irish ceaḋ or léigean—is a curious production, and though printed before, is well worth printing again. It was made for one of his pupils Rifteafo fáḃaċ macGeafailt ('The Gallant Richard FitzGerald') in 1759, and was supposed to confer the right to pass through the country and to claim hospitality at the best houses. Though in the form of an English law document—it is sometimes spoken of as Donnchadh Ruadh's baṁántaf or 'Warrant'—with its repetitions, synonyms, and technical terms,

the Irish in general is very pure, and the piece is therefore interesting for its copious and curious vocabulary as well as for its touches of humour and satire. In a merely literal translation, the *manner* must be entirely sacrificed—for the English language is not copious enough to give us at once the exact meaning and such alliterative, rhythmic, and measured phrases as the original abounds with; but though many of the words will be found again in the *Vocabulary* I append here as the most useful to the student a word for word rendering, founded upon but not always identical with that given by Mr. John Fleming in the *Gaelic Journal*, Vol. II., pp. 271, 272.



Ṅ Aṫ-na-ṡcoile ṫ'á ṫṁiṫ ɡo ṫṡuil aɡuṡ ɡo ṫ-táinig an ṫṡaṡaiṁe ḃeul-ċaoin, aɡuṡ an cleaṡaiṁe cluiċeaċ, cloṫaiɡṫe, caṡ, cuṁaṫa, cṡoṫa, calma, cliaḃ-ṡcaoilṫe—aɡuṡ an ṫeaccaiṁe ṫaṡa, ṫṡoiɡ-luaṫ, ṫuṁaṡánṫa—aɡuṡ an ṁaṡaiṁe ṁó-ɡaṡṫa ṁo-ṫṡiaṡ, aɡuṡ ṁó-léiṁ—aɡuṡ an lannaiṁe luaṫ, leaṫan, láin-aiɡeantaċ le n-a ṁáiṫeaṡ Riṡteaṡṫ ṁáḃaċ Macɡeaṡailṫ, aɡ ṡoɡlaim cleaṡ, ealaṫan, aɡuṡ il-ċeáṁṫ na ṡcol, aɡuṡ aɡ ṡíoṁ-ṁuiṁɡe le ṡeaṁc-ḃéiṫiḃ Sléiḃe *Parnassus*, eaḋon.

1. Whereas there has come to *Ath-na-scoile* and is [there now] the gentle-voiced talker, and the accomplished, famous, clever, [?], heroic, valiant, sturdy, broad-chested, performer—and the active, swift-footed, expeditious messenger—and the very witty, very ready, very clear narrator [?]—and the quick, broad-[shouldered], full-spirited swords-man who is called the Gallant Richard FitzGerald—learning the exercises, sciences and various arts of the schools, and constantly wooing the lovely maids of Mount Parnassus, namely, the nine sweet spirits

na naoi ríde binne fuidear i mbruaċ fíoda *Helicon*, ag rín-ionnlaḋ i d-tobar na mbárd éigre Éireannaċa: Ar na h-áḋbarraiḃ rin, órduiġim agus fóġnaim do gaċ caillíġ ċrúbaiġ, ċiarránaiġ; do gaċ caile ċrorda, ċaraoidiġ; do gaċ reolóiġ reaiċmíġ, reoiċ-beulaiġ; agus do gaċ bodaċ bíocaċ bundúnaċ, ó Cheann Chruaḋáin go faiċċe Chairil, agus ó Liop-mór go h-Oileán uí Bhric, agus ar rin i leiṫ ċoir fairge nó ċoir maiġe gan doiċioll, gan diultaḋ, gan tagairt do ċabairt don ḟáḃairle feum-ḟáiḋte Riṫeaṙd ḟáḃaċ MacGearailt.

11. Mairead, mairead, mar rin: Órduiġim fór agus fóġnaim gan é d'ḟágḃáil ċoir coca ná rtáca, roip ná láṙa, i dtaiṙrin ná i g-cúinne, i b-poll ná i b-póiṙre; aċt fíor ċaoin ḟáilte fleaḋaċ ar aoiḃnir, a roġa rúma agus a doġa

who sit on the bank of Helicon's stream, ever bathing Irish poets in the fountain of the bards: For these reasons I order and command every heavy-hoofed, hoarse-grumbling hag; every cross, complaining vixenish virago; every pinching, poor-mouthed rustic; and every badger-like, blundering churl, from Credan Head to the Plain of Cashel, and from Lismore to O'Bric's island and thence hither, beside the sea or beside a plain, to show no grudging, to give no refusal, to offer no opposition to the hero aforesaid, the Gallant Richard FitzGerald.

2. Well, well, then: I order also and command that he be not left beside haycock or haystack, straw-heap or threshing-floor, on threshold or in a corner, in a hole or in porch: but that the kindest of festive welcomes and best of entertainment, choice of room to sleep in with best of

ṅúṫaiġ ċum coṁalta, ṫoraċ ruiḋṫe agus éiṛġe ḋo ṫabairt ḋon ṛáḃaire neuṁ-ṛáiḋṫe Riṛṫeaṛḋ ṅáḃaċ MacGeaṛailt.

III. Maireaḋ, maireaḋ, maṛ ṛin: Óṛḋuiġim ṛóṛ agus ṛóġṛaim gan ġoṛt ná gaṛṛaiḋe, ṛeaḃ na ṛeaṛann, ṛliaḃ ná míntleaċ, móin ná maċaire ṛoiṛ, ṛiaṛ, ċear ná ċuaiṫ, naċ ḃṛuiġiḋ re ceaḋ a ṛiṫ, a léim, 'ṛa ṫṛuṛlóġ ṫṛíḋ.

IV. Maireaḋ, maireaḋ, maṛ ṛin: Óṛḋuiġim ṛóṛ agus ṛóġṛaim gan ḃṛaṫ na ḃṛáiṫlín, bainne ná bláṫaċ, coṛn ná cainnín, ḋearcaḋ ná ṫṛíoḋaṛ, ṛleaḋ ná ṛéaṛṫa, ġreim ná cíṛṫe, muġ ná piġín meaċan ná ṛṛáṫa, ġruṫ ná meaḋġ, leiṫe ná lóṫa, lionn na liaṫ-uiṛce, móṛnán ṛṛáiṛin, ruḃa ná ṛilín ḃeiṫ aca, máṛ ṛaoṛ ḋaoṛ é, naċ ḃṛuiġiḋ re ceaḋ a liġe, a ċeanġa agus a' ṁaiḋe ḋo ṁeaṛcaḋ ṫṛíḋ: ní h-é a ḃlaṛ aċt a ṫáṛṫáil, an oiṛeaḋ re

bedding, first place at table and leave to be the first to rise therefrom be given to the hero aforesaid, the Gallant Richard FitzGerald.

3. Well, well, then: I order and command moreover that there be neither field nor garden, wood nor farm, mountain nor pasture, bog nor meadow, east, west, south or north, through which he shall not get leave to run, leap and jump.

4. Well, well, then: I order and command moreover that no one shall have coverlet or sheet, sweet milk or buttermilk, cup or can, dregs or scrapings, banquet or feast, bit or bannock, mug or mether, parsnip or potato, curds or whey, stirabout or pease-pudding, ale or gray-water, can of oatmeal mixture, berry or cherry, whether cheap or dear, that he shall not get leave to lick, and to stir with his tongue, or his stick: not [merely] to taste, but

duine nó fós fe beirt do tabairt don fábaire feuṁ-fáirde, Risteard fábac MacGearailt.

U. Mairead, mairead, mar sin: Ordaighim fós agus fóghnaim gan bhraic ná bainín, cir ná cóssa, cúil ná cathaoir, leaba na lóistín, nead ná neanntóg, poll ná phaidán, fos ná fuirdirte, aingiall ná leaṁnacht, sir ná pónaire, ná iarmhair [iomradhair?] ar bit eile do beit irtig ná amuigh, in árd ná i bhfana, fíor ná fuar, foil ná fiar, dearg ná duaibh, annso ná annsúd, gan a tabairt do fábaire feuṁfáirde Risteard fábac Mac Gearailt.

Ul. Mairead, mairead, mar sin: Ordaighim fós agus fóghnaim gan a cur i g-cuideachta, i g-comluadar, ná i g-coiṁeann fe daoiniḃ neiṁ-eolgacha, ná fe h-aodairidiḃ bó, ná fe buachaillib con, ná fe luct gadar, ná fe luct feadghaile fuaire, ná fe

to [thoroughly] try, and that a man's share or even two men's shares be given to the hero aforesaid, the Gallant Richard FitzGerald.

5. Well, well, then: I order and command moreover that there be neither malt nor cake, hamper nor chest, corner nor chair, bed nor lodging, nest nor nettle, hole nor hollow, bunch of hair nor boss of straw, watered milk nor new milk, pease nor beans, nor other things of value whatsoever, whether inside or outside, on height or on slope, below or above, east, west, south or north, here or there, that shall not be given to the hero aforesaid, the Gallant Richard FitzGerald.

6. Well, well, then: I order and command moreover that he be not placed in the company nor society of, nor at one table with, illiterate persons, nor with cowherds, nor with those who take care of hounds and dogs, nor

luċt éirġe in áirde i mbarraḋaiḃ craoḃ, ná re rcol-ṁáiġirtriḋiḃ fada fuara faillīġeaċa, rcoiṫ-beulaċa, gan ḃlar, gan ḃeurа, gan ṁúnaḋ; mar atá ainmniġṫe agam annro i. Criorṫóir mac Trom-ṫóna, Guagán ó Caoġaiḋ, Briaillín ó Beoláin, Faicin ó Flannagáin, Seagan ralaċ, réiḋeánaċ ó Maoil ruana, Sraimin ó Cuileannaín nó Scigín ó Maoil-ċaṫa, mar nár tomaḋ agur nár fiomaḋ i ḃ-toraċ ná in earṡaoin léiginn ná fír-eoluir iaḋ, acṫ ag fír-ṁilleaḋ agur ag fíor-ṁúċaḋ an aoirа óig neaṁ-laiḋionaiġ, neiṁ-ḃeuraiġ.

Um. Faoim' láiṁ agur faoim' ṡéala, an ḃara lá ficeaḋ ḋe ṁí Mharta, an ḃliaḋain ḋ' aoir Criorṫ, míle, reaċt g-ceuḋ agur naoi mbliaḋana ḋeug ar ṡóċaḋ.

Do R. f. M'G. re D. Mac Conmara.

with cold whistlers, nor with those who climb to the tops of trees, nor with gaunt, cold, negligent, sharp-mouthed, schoolmasters, without taste, manners, or education, such as those herein mentioned: namely, Christopher MacHeavy-bottom, Giddy-head O'Hackett, Coxcomb O'Boland, Tatter O'Flanagan, dirty, puffy John O'Mulrooney, Blear-eye O'Cullenan, and Giggler O'Mulcahy, inasmuch as these have not been steeped nor tested in the elements or beauties of learning or of true knowledge, but are ever spoiling and ever quenching [the minds of] the young who [therefore] have neither Latin nor good manners.

7. Under my hand and seal, the twenty-second day of the month of March, in the year of the age of Christ one thousand, seven hundred and fifty-nine.

For R. FitzGerald by D. Macnamara.

Aṫċuinge Donnċaḋa Ruaiḋ

(Red Donough's Petition).

The following poetical petition was written at Kilmacthomas in 1764 when Donough was in great distress, and was addressed to a gentleman named Ducket who lived at *Baile-an-Fhaoitigh* or 'White's-town.' Mr. Ducket gave Donough a sympathetic hearing, and ever after welcomed him at his house. The Aoiḃeall mentioned here is the fairy-queen of Thomond, and the same that appeared to Donough when he was at sea—as described in the Second Part of the Eaċtra Ghiolla an Amaráin; Áine is the fairy queen of Co. Limerick, and has her seat at Cnoc Áine in that county. Donough being a native of Thomond it was natural that these two powerful beings should interest themselves in his favour. (See Life of *Donnchadh Ruadh.*)

Don t-raoi uaral, oiṙḋeaṙc, áiṙo-ċéimeaċ i. Séamur Ducat, onċú coṙanta agur ceann-comaiṙce, agur ṙor mór na n-uaral n-éigṙeaċ, n-ealaḋanta, n-eiṙeannaċ; agur go h-áiṁiḋe, a ṙeaṙḃṙoġantaiḋe óilir ṙéin, eaḋon, Donnċaḋ Macnamara, aon d'óṙo áiṙo-ollaṁan Leiṫe Moġa Nuaḋaṫ i gCoill-mic-Thomáiṙin, 1764.

Uaṙail dil, ṙuaiṙc, don ṁíṙ ar aoiṙḋe
Ó'ṙ dual duit, ir tú ar uairle
'ṙ ar aoiḃne—
Inneoṙaḋ ṙtaiṙ gan ċlear, gan ċaím duit,
Ó'ṙ tú Maecénar éigear na cniċe—
Gur léiṙ dam i neulaiḃ na h-oiḋċe
Chuġam go d-táimig Áine ar Aoiḃeall.
Níṙ b'ionġnaḋ leo mé gan ṙóḋ mo ṙinneaṙ
Gan ṙeaṙannaiḃ Luġḋaċ ná cúil 'na ruiḋṙinn—

Acᵗ b' ionᵹnaḋ cᵹuaiḋ, ᵹan ċuaᵹ ná ḋíon mé,
Ᵹan ċᵹuaiċ, ᵹan ċᵹeaċ, ᵹan neaḋ ḋom' naoi-
ḋeanaiḃ!
"Éiᵹiᵹ aḋ' ᵹeaᵹaṁ aᵹ maiḋin" aᵹ Aoiḃeall
"Aᵹ ḋéan ḋo ᵹᵹaḋ i mBaile-na-bᵹaoiteaċ,
"Ᵹaḃ ḋo ḋuan ḋon uaᵹal aoiḃinn
"Noċᵗ ḋo ᵹuaiᵹ aᵹ ᵹᵹuaim ḋo ċᵹoiḋe ḋó,
"Do ᵹeaḃaiᵹ ᵹoᵹcaḋ, ᵹoiċin aᵹ ḋíon uaiḋ
"Coḃaiᵹ aᵹ coimiᵹce i ᵹ-coinne na ᵹaoiᵹe,
"Aᵹ ᵹeaḃaiᵹ ᵹan aṁᵹaᵹ aḋmaḋ tiᵹe uaiḋ!"
Do laḃaiᵹ Áine áᵹḋ de ḃinn-ᵹuċ—
"Taḃaiᵹ-ᵹe buiḋeaċaᵹ, ḋuaiᵹ, aᵹ ḋíol ḋó,
"Ᵹaḃ ᵹo ḋána do ḋánta ḋᵹaoiḋeaċt' ḋó,
"Ó'ᵹ ᵹeaᵹaċ ᵹuᵹ ᵹeanċaiḋ ᵹíoᵹ ċú.
"Noċᵗ ᵹaċ céim d'a ᵹeuᵹaiḃ ᵹaoil ḋó,
"Cᵹaoḃa coiḃneaᵹa móᵹ-ṁaicne Mhíleaḋ!"
Linᵹid Áine ḃláṫ aᵹ Aoiḃeall
I neulᵗaiḃ neiṁe ᵹa imeall na h-oiḋċe.
Da ċáṁ mo ċuᵹaᵹ am' ḋuine ᵹan ᵹaoine
Da ċeaᵹc mo ċuiᵹeaḋ cia minic am' ṁaoiḋeaṁ mé,
Ᵹan uaiᵹle ᵹen ṁóᵹ-ᵹlioċt am' ċímċioll
Acᵗ clanna cáiᵹ aᵹ ᵹáᵹ na h-oiḋċe,
Ᵹan ᵹuiᵗ ná ᵹᵹéiᵹ i léiᵹionn ná in íᵹtleaċt,
Acᵗ ᵹliáin aᵹ ᵹᵹuaim ᵹaċ uaiᵹ do ċíḋid mé,
Aiᵹ eaᵹla beaᵹt a ᵹleaċta d' innᵹin.
Ní ċaḃaᵹᵹaḋ ᵹóḋ ḋon ḃóċaᵹ ḃuiḋe ḋam,
Ní bᵹáᵹainn cáiᵹde lá ná oiḋċe,
Ᵹuᵹ ċoᵹᵹuiᵹ an ᵹuiᵗ oiᵹḋeaᵹc am' ᵹíoᵹᵹlaiċ,
Ᵹuiᵗ ḃoiᵹḃ-ṁeaᵹ Choᵹmaic ḃa ᵹí ᵹeal

Fuil aoiḋa na b-Fiaḋaċ ro taoiḃ linn
Fuil ċalma na Breataine ar aoiḋe!
Aṫ' ċoimiṡce téiḋim-re, a Sheámuiṙ uaṙail aoiḋe,
'S gur liḃ-re gaċ céim, gaċ ṅéim, 'ṙ gaċ buaiḋ ran tíṙ,
Acṫ cuiṙiḋ i g-céill naċ cṙaoḃ gan ċuaille ṙinn
Ar cuideaċta Shaeḋilge béaṙ maṙ ḋualgaṙ díḃ!

Geuṙán Ḋonnċaḋa Ruaiḋ.

The following Geuṙán or 'Complaint' dates from 1765 or thereabouts, and was written shortly after Donough took the clerkship of the Protestant church at Kilmacthomas, and had made at least an outward profession of that faith. His motives for the change are stated frankly enough in these verses, and we can well understand that when this and the "Anti-Christian Creed" and similar compositions became known to the public he did not hold his new situation or profess his new creed for very long—though how long is not very certain.

I feiċfeaṙ mo ḋṙom-ṙa 'cuṙ aṫṫuiṙ
go ṁaṁaṙ
Ag gṙaṙaḋ nó a' tṙeaḃaḋ aon am
ḋen ḃliaḋain—
Sheaḃaḋ aṫṙuġaḋ leaḃaiṙ, béiḋeaḋ am' Shacṙanaċ ṁaṁaṙ
Oṙ aca ḃíonn toġa 'gur noġa gaċ biḋ:
'S 'na ḃṙoċaiṙ aṙ cuiḃé liom ṙeaṙaṁ aṙ ṙuiḋe
(Ní taca liom Laoiṙeaċ buiḋe ná a ṗóṙ)
Ag taṙṙaing aṙ an ḃṙíon gaċ maiḋin gan ṙuím—
Súd beaċa naċ mḃíonn ag Gaoiḋil go ḋeo!

Ir dubhaċ bocht an cás do dhuine mar táim
Dheiṫ ag claoidheadh go bráṫ gaċ láam' aindeoin,
'S go mb'fearra liom bás gan toirmeasc d'fágail
Ná allur lem' ċnámh ó'n rán ag rómhar—
Preabfaidh mé i d-tráṫ, ní dhéidheadh mar atáim
Ar bhfirfidh mé an dáil le gráḋ don feoil,
'S i d-tinneas ní fulaing liom miniṫin d'fágail
'Sé ċabhairfidh dam láṅċuid aráin mar lón!

Ir ceannaraċ teann do racad-ra anonn
Ag tarraing ċum teampuill in am an *pharade*—
'S gur binne mé a' labhairt ná'n Ridire ón
nGleann
Ar m' uille go teann ar ċeann an *seat*—
Nil aon duine lom do curfar liom ann
Muna noċtfaidh a ċeann dam pleanncfad é
Ar tá fior ag an domhan nuair glacfar mireann
Go mb' aindeir an ceann mé do Chlann na
nGaedheal!

THADDÆI GADELICI IN MEMORIAM:

[Donchadus Rufus Scripsit].

The Epitaph on Tadhg Gaedhealach is Donough's last composition. Theigue O'Sullivan died at the end of December, 1799, and was buried on New Year's Day, 1800, at Ballylaneen. The epitaph —in spite of one or two technical faults—proves at once that Donough was a poet and no mean Latin scholar, though when he wrote it he must have been more than ninety years old. And over the writer of it—a far greater poet than Tadhg Gaedhealach – there is neither stone nor epitaph !

Thaddeus hic situs est, oculos huc flecte viator,
Illustrem vatem parvula terra tegit !
Heu ! jacet exanimis, fatum irrevocabile vicit
Spiritus e terra [1] sidera summa petit !
Quis canet Erinidum laudes, quis facta virorum ?
Gadelico extincto, Scotica musa tacet.
Processit numeris doctis pia carmina cantans
Evadens victor munera certa tulit.
Laudando Dominum praeclara poëmata fecit
Et suaves hymnos fervidus [2] ille canet.
Plangite, Pierides ! vester decessit alumnus,
Eochades non est cunctaque rura silent,
Pacem optavit pace igitur versatur in alto,
Ad superi tendit regna beata Patris.

The following Irish version by the editor was written some ten years ago, and appeared first in No. 23 of the *Gaelic Journal* (1886). I have re-cast a few of the lines.

Sníor faoi an bfód fo tá Tadhg! ar an uaigh tabair
amharc a tairtealaid,
Fíle ba mór ar mhaith clú, beag an áit 'bfuil
fé 'na luighe !

---

[1] *Aliter*—atque volans. [2] *Al.*—angelus.

Tuaṡ ṡo noeaċaiḋ don euṡ oṁainn, tuaṡ ṡo
huṡ an báṗ buaiḋ aiṗ
D'eiṫioll a ṗṗioṁaḋ in áṁo 'ṡ iaṁṁaiḋ naoiṁ-
ṁoṡaċt' Dé bí.
Cia ṡeinnṗeaṗ Éiṁe 'na ḋiaiḋ-ṡean dúinn, cia
ṡeoḃaṗ ṡaiṗceaḋ a laoċṁaiḋ?
Faṁaoiṁ, ó'ṗ tṁaoċta luiṡeaṗ Taḋṡ, 'noiṗ bíonn
aṗ ṡceolta ṡan ḃuiṡ!
D'imṫiṡ ṗe 'ṡaḃáil a ḋán do bí eolaċ aṗ aoiḃinn
le cloiṗtin
Chuaiḋ ṗe fá buaiḋ anonn, fuaiṗ ṗe lúaċ
raoċaiṗ aṗ ṗíoḋ.
Mholaḋ ṗé Tiṡeaṁna na nḋúl ina ḋuantaiḃ bṗeaṡ'
bṗioṡṁaṁa, milṗe
Ceolta ṁó binne aṗ neaṁ ṗeinnṗiḋ ṗe ṗeaṗta
ṡan ċṗíċ!
Dhuimiḋ na mbáṁ, ḋéanaiḋ bṗón! óiṁ do ċaill
ṗiḃ ṡo deo, deo buṁ nḋalta,
Aṗ mbeiṫ do Thaḋṡ in ṗan ṡcṗé, cuṁaċ anoiṗ
Clanna Ṡaoiḋeal!
Sioḋċáin ba ṁian leiṗ ḋá ċṗoiḋe aṡuṗ ṗioḋċáin
do ṗuaiṗ ṗe in áiṗḋe
Ráiniṡ ṗe ṗlaiṫeaṁnaṗ Dé, ṗlaiṫeaṁnaṗ Áṫaṗ
an t-ṗaoiṡil!

A translation in English hexameters and pentameters was made by "Erionnach" (Dr. Sigerson), for O'Daly's edition of Taḋṡ Ṡaolaċ. It has been revised by him for this work. Another English translation has been made by Major Cavanagh

(of the United States)—not however directly from the Latin, but from my earlier Irish version :

This is the grave of a Poet. O Wanderer, glance here in sorrow :
Famous he was and beloved, weeds shade him now and grey dust.
Woe ! he is gone, he is conquered by Fate's invincible arrow—
Yet, hath his spirit, from earth, soared to the stars, 'mid the Just.
Who sings the glory of Erinn ? Who the heroic achievement ?
Lost is our silver-voiced Tadhg, broken the Harp of our Land !
Singing his musical numbers he left us, to mourn in bereavement,
Victor, in triumph, he fled, bearing his gifts in his hand.
Often, in praise of the Lord, did his song rise, flow'r-like and vernal,
Sweet now the hymns that he sings, standing mid angels above.
Weep, O ye Muses ! your nursling has gone to the regions supernal—
Dead, our MacEochad is dead ! Silent are woodland and grove.
Peace he desired, while on earth ; peace henceforth awaits him eternal,
Far in the Father's high home, 'mid the fair Kingdom of Love.

PRINTED BY
SEALY, BRYERS AND WALKER,
MIDDLE ABBEY STREET,
DUBLIN.

158869

BOSTON COLLEGE

3 9031 01192033 7

Mac Conmara. D. L.

BOSTON COLLEGE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

Books may be kept for two weeks and may be renewed for the same period, unless reserved.

Two cents a day is charged for each book kept overtime.

If you cannot find what you want, ask the Librarian who will be glad to help you.

The borrower is responsible for books drawn on his card and for all fines accruing on the same.